TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME IX — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1933 — NUMBER 32

A Middle-Aged World

BLESSED are the middle aged for they shall inherit the earth. So Mr. Ellsworth Huntington implied in a recent *Saturday Review* essay, where he testified that in his opinion the popularity of biography was due to the increasing number of the middle aged in a civilization that has notably lifted the survival average.

If the ratio of the middle aged to the young has increased perceptibly, in this population change may be found the cause of other curious changes in books and the bookish. What explains, for example, the emphasis upon youth and the problems of youth in books of all kinds since the war? Unrest has been an answer; the revolt of a new generation against the failure of its predecessors, another; the new psychology and its revelation of conditioning, a third. But may not one simple reply be merely that there are more middle-aged readers and writers who, being middle-aged, think in their reading and writing of youth as a special problem? It is with surprise that we of this middle-aged generation discover casually in reading Shakespeare, Stendhal, Jane Austen, whatever you please among earlier classics, that the hero is only twenty-two or three. We had not thought of him as young, as youth personified, nor did the author. He was, to us and to the writer, merely typical man making his career. His problem was not specifically youth's problem, it was man's. We of thirty or forty or fifty as we followed his story, identified ourselves with him, our career with his, and we saw no incongruity when, after a few years of struggle, his active career ended in a settlement for life unless the fact slipped out by chance that he was still only twenty-seven or twenty-eight!

But no one can write of twenty-two to twenty-eight that way now. In a world going middle-aged this is no longer the area of typical experience, which comes later. The twenties have been made into a province, the testing ground of youth, with its own problems, its own psychology, and particularly its own point of view, which is tentative, special, privileged, and conditioned by post adolescence; not typical, general, and characteristic of the mature man or woman, the norm of the race.

And furthermore, the extraordinary recent interest in youth's problems, youth's cockiness, youth's experiments, and youth's disasters may have been in some measure due to the fascinated interest with which the man or woman whose pattern of life is established watches the pattern making of the unformed and uncrystallized. It is, if you please, a romance of the middle aged, and it is true also that perhaps the majority of successful books about the young have been written by the middle aged, who set forth a problem not so much of the might-have-been as of the may-well-be. When men and women in their forties and fifties dominate their world, hold the jobs, exceed in the census, *are* the norm of the population, then if they write or read of the twenties, it will be as of one class surveying another. When, a century ago, readers and writers were most of them in their thirties or twenties, these special circumstances of youth did not seem special, were not, in effect special, and hence were not differentiated for objective analysis.

Is the excess of the middle aged responsible too for the increased pornography in both fiction and drama—for youth is essentially chaster than middle age? Is the sag of the census toward middle age one cause for the abundance of plans and panaceas for everything from economic distress to birth control which now takes up so much yardage on the shelves for new books? Youth is not speculative, and when dogmatic keeps to the main road. Who writes all the mediocre poetry, so skilful technically, so literary, and so empty? Does it come from poets who a few generations ago would have died young and still unarticulate? What will literature be like when a stationary population, with a low birthrate, has a life expectancy of, say, seventy, and the bulk of the population is over forty? These queries may seek vainly for answers, but they are not idle. The blood, muscle, and nerves of a man of twenty are the same now as in the Renaissance, when instead of years ahead of education and waiting for his chance the youth might already be a conqueror, a tyrant, or a darling of the intellectualists. This has a bearing upon more than literature.

WALTER DE LA MARE.
From a bronze bust by Botzaris.

I Am

By WALTER DE LA MARE

I AM the World. My brazen face,
Rapt o'er a fabric of gold, enstarred,
Broods on the splendor of my disgrace
By moth-like age unmarred.

I am the Flesh. With languorous lid
Mine eyes like sea-flowers drowse and shine
Unfathomably fair. I bid
The lost all hope resign.

I am the Devil. Lean not close.
The unchanging in my vulture stare
Thy peril-impassioned sprite will dose
With cordials rich and rare.

I am the World. Come, enter, feast—
My Babel of ivory and gold!
Heed not the wailing of bird and beast,
The clamor of bought and sold!

I am the Flesh. Enormous, dim
Dream doth invite thee, thick with fumes
Of burning gums. Faint visions gleam;
Sea's phosphor the vague illumes.

I am the Devil—head askew,
A dwelling eye. See how earth's straight
Distorted-crooked crocks. And through
Time's bars grins gibbering Fate.

Noel Coward*

By JOHN CORBIN

LOVERS of the most popular of verse forms gladly remember the Old Lady of Cheedle who sat down in church on a needle. They may not, however, see Mr. Coward's resemblance to her at first blush, nor yet on any of the subsequent occasions upon which he has caused them a heightened complexion. He is not an old lady, having been for years and years a member of the Younger Generation. He is not a devotee of any established religion, being exclusively devoted to the theatre, and especially in moods which are something else again. He is not a down-sitter but a notable up-riser and forth-putter, so there can't be any question of a needle in that portion of his anatomy. Yet a needle there decidedly is, and it is deeply embedded. Also, by good fortune, it is threaded, and may yet be pulled out by the critical beadle.

The thread leads to an even more sensitive appurtenance, facility, or organ. Mr. Coward burst upon our attention almost a decade ago with a drama of manners called "The Vortex." Already it might have been said of the Younger Generation that it had jogged forward.

Since first I saw your fresh which yet
art green.

But Mr. Coward was already in the advance guard. "The Vortex" was an expression of a moralistic green-sickness and thus several parasangs ahead of his contemporaries, whose attitude was of dew-fresh despair. From one point of view, to be sure, the play was old stuff. A venerable stage doorkeeper of my acquaintance, who (as such) once supported Edwin Booth, denounced it as a plagiarism. "The man has stolen his plot from Shakespeare—Hamlet's closet scene with his mother!" But to say that is to lapse into the mere archæology of the theatre. Mr. Coward's young hero was not a wobegone amateur of psychic research but an addict of those other spirits which cheer and cheer. His Queen Gertrude was so far from being royally incestuous as to be the dance-old-girl-dance of paid gigolos. The upshot was, however, recognizably Shakespearean. The young man promised his mother that when she was desirous to be blessed he'd blessing beg of her. In a word, the velleities of the post-war world, narcotic and erotic, had pierced Mr. Coward's heart. Morally and sentimentally his case was almost more satisfactory than if he had sat down in church.

Efforts to carry on in this obviously homiletic vein have been less successful. In "Post Mortem" his young hero, similarly impassioned in the cause of virtue, upbraids the world entire. Killed in action in 1917, he returns in 1930 as a ghost or so-called spook only to find that the noble enthusiasm which won the war against war has sunk into strange lethargies of a peace against peace. He is an uncommonly corporeal spook, still clad in trench khaki, still absorbing draughts of Scotch and port and brandy, and still capable of passionate embraces. Among others, he reads the moral law to his former fiancée, now a bored and pleasure-seeking wife; to his former trench mates, who still patriotically scorn the conscientious objector; to his father, an exponent of the unco-patriotic gutter press; to a Bishop, who embodies the bankruptcy of Christianity. Unlike his predecessor in "The Vortex," he does not upbraid his mother. That, it would seem, was Mr. Coward's cardinal error. As both he and Shakespeare have shown us, son-mother scenes are what is known as sure-fire stuff. Not so an indictment against an entire people. Edmund Burke was right, at least as regards this play. Mr. Coward's method is to represent the post-war world as diaphanously unreal, incredibly silly, and then make his corporeally bibulous and impassioned spook squeak and gibber at it. Theatrically, to be sure, "Post Mortem" has possible moments. But by and large it seems certain that the commercial managers were right in refusing to produce "Post Mortem."

Mr. Coward has, however, another string to his bow, or at least a thread to his needle. He is a wit of the first order and his long experience in musical comedy has given him an uncanny deftness in exploiting mortal follies. Why not take refuge in a satire frankly farcical? This was apparently the method of his more recent and very successful plays, "Private Lives" and "Design for Living." In resorting to it he is not alone, far from it. It is a method highly characteristic of the England of today, the light hand of Gilbert and Wilde being steeped in dyes more sombre. Bernard Shaw attempted it in "The Apple Cart" and "Too Good to be True." In both there occurred a moment at the end which eloquently voiced misgivings as to the modern tendency in manners, morals, political institutions. But the prevailing spirit was of a more than Shavian froth of theatricality. The failure of both plays was perhaps due to the fact that the mood farcical and the mood tragic nowhere fused into an integral whole. That such a fusion is possible, at least in printed fiction, is evident enough in Evelyn Waugh's "Vile Bodies," where hilarious nonsense spins along hand in hand with a really tragic sense of waste and futility. In the closing chapter, ironically entitled "Happy Ending," Mr. Waugh's vile busybodies are face to face with the grizzly spectre of a final war—the spectre which "Post Mortem" with all its tub-thumping failed to evoke convincingly.

* DESIGN FOR LIVING. By Noel Coward. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. CAVALCADE. The same.

This Week

"JUST THE OTHER DAY."
Reviewed by AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS.
"FOR SINNERS ONLY."
Reviewed by ALBERT CLARKE WYCKOFF.
"ZOLA."
Reviewed by CHRISTIAN GAUSS.
"MAXIM GORKY AND HIS RUSSIA."
Reviewed by MANYA GORDON.
"THIS BRIGHT SUMMER."
Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.
"MOTHER AND FOUR."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.
GRANULES FROM AN HOURGLASS.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

THE PROPHET, THE PEDANT, AND THE PIONEER.
By LEWIS MUMFORD.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Many a stately tragedy is less austerely moral, less heartrending.

In "Private Lives" and "Design for Living" Mr. Coward dodged this problem of fusing surface jape with serious feeling. If it were not for "The Vortex" and "Post Mortem" one would scarcely suspect that he was attempting anything more reputable than *comédie rosse*. Probably not one in a hundred of his capacity audiences gets the slightest glimpse beneath the rather shameless tomfoolery. Still fundamentally a moralist and sentimentalist, he no longer endeavors to transfer the pain in his heart to the hearts of his public. Quite the contrary. Sentiment and morality lie perdue beneath a coruscating surface of sophistication.

In "Private Lives" a young couple squabble on their honeymoon in a manner most witty and amusing; they divorce and remarry, only to squabble again with their new mates, and even less satisfactorily; they meet once more and elope for a week-end that is now legally adulterous, still squabbling and still gaily self-assured. The Catholic Church itself, they observe, would give their reunion its blessing. Except for the title of the play, there is no hint of a preachment. Why shouldn't marriage be private, and inanely quarrelsome as one chooses to make it? The question of children and other problems of state, which Mr. Coward considered so deeply in his green youth, are laughed to scorn. Only by an effort of will does one remember the venerable Montgomery Schuyler's characterization of a shamefully delinquent fellow townsman as "one of our most private spirited citizens." In brief, Mr. Coward has laid aside his satiric lash, the ponderous cat-o'-nine-tails, and has caught up the ringmaster's whip, snapping it incessantly to the pain of none and the delight of all.

"Design for Living" regales us again and even more preposterously with the light comedy of sexual promiscuity. In the first act Gilda is living as mistress with a struggling artist, Otto; but, bored by poverty, she has already taken on his friend friend of all three. Though she has refused to marry either Otto or Leo, she now finds the irregular state a bore and marries Ernest. In the final act, she is bored with both Ernest and matrimony. Leo and Otto, meantime, under the spell of their common jilting, have become warm friends again and turn up in Ernest's penthouse. They are dressed alike in swallowtails and wear identical boutonnières. Under a surface of identical persiflage, they make identical love to Gilda and carry her off between them. That is (ostensibly) the true design for living, and at the close of the play there is every reason for believing that Gilda will continue to weave it with ever increasing duplications similarly regimented.

Does one feel inclined to wield the lash of virtuous indignation upon Otto and

NOEL COWARD.

Leo? Not at all. Unlike the characters of the equally amusing Mr. Waugh, there is no hint that in reality they are vile bodies. To all appearances they are rare good fellows, madcaps in a very agreeably madcap world; faithful, too—in their way, positively monogamous. And they are played by those past-masters of light comedy charm, Messrs. Coward and Alfred Lunt. But surely our once moralistic playwright has a lash in pickle for the peccant Gilda, polyandrous bobbin in this progressive design? Wrong again. When there is question of society as such, of children, she plausibly pleads her private preferences; and, being played by Lynn Fontanne, she pleads them engagingly and convincingly.

The Mr. Coward whom one encounters in "Cavalcade" is a very different person, serious to the verge of tragedy; and, though what was written as a play is reduced in America to the dimensions of a talkie, its popular appeal seems as great as that of "Design for Living," both playing to crowded houses. Here again there is no shrill and strident moralizing, but also there is no jester's cap and bells. What one sees is reality, humble and unsophisticated—the fortunes of an English household traced from the climax of the Boer War through the World War into the present Depression. This is no merely private life, for one sees it always against the pageant or cavalcade of the nation's destiny. At the outset, England is staggering under the first blow to her imperial prestige. At the close this mood is strangely altered. In the opinion of the producers at Hollywood, apparently, it has given way to despair. From time to time a ghostly cavalcade flits across the silver screen, arrayed in medieval armor and with banners flying, yet going always down hill.

Neither Mr. Coward's text nor the demeanor of the very able company warrants this symbolism. The nineteenth century mood becomes chastened but there is an ever-growing suggestion of a thing worthy, more than worthy, to take its place. In the final scene the Master and Mistress of the household have lost both sons and are financially with the rest of us; the years of peril and bereavement have left them haggard and white-haired. But they have achieved a humor which, though wistful, is deeply felt and tinged with courage of the spirit. "What toast

Then he adds, raising his glass, "The Future of England." To see in the oncoming years only what the past has brought, the same old friend, may be original; it certainly is not gay—and as certainly it is brave. In her answering toast the wife clothes the thought with simple eloquence. "Let's drink to the spirit of gallantry and courage that made a strange Heaven out of unbelievable Hell; and let's drink to the hope that one day this country of ours, which we love so much, will find dignity and grace and peace again." It is indeed a strange Heaven in which there is no thought of being top-dog or dog of any kind, but only the pride and the courage which are of the spirit. A nation that is panoplied in that, can scarcely be represented as marching down hill.

It is quite possible that "Cavalcade" will surpass "Design for Living" in appeal to the public. That as an artistic achievement it is far finer and higher is scarcely open to doubt. It is one thing, perhaps not a bad thing, to extract pain from the heart with a laugh; it is another and far better thing to transmute it into fortitude.

From the emotional shrieking of "The Vortex" and "Post Mortem" it is a far cry to the easy self-control of "Private Lives" and "Design for Living"; yet as the one mood is native in Mr. Coward so the other has become strong. In "Cavalcade" he has combined them and fused them. The result is not satire. It can scarcely be called tragedy, though it has the true katharsis. Whatever it is, it is as thoroughly in the modern English manner as the humoresque diatribes of Bernard Shaw and Evelyn Waugh, more thoroughly so than Mr. Coward's own rather empty whimsicalities. That "Cavalcade" was acclaimed in London by multitudes of all sorts gives us a new sense of the British mood. That it bids fair to exert a similar spell here, in spite of the humbler medium in which it is cast, would seem to indicate that our public is capable of a fare more stimulating than our own playwrights have proffered of late.

The British Scene

JUST THE OTHER DAY. By JOHN COLLIER and IAIN LANG. New York: Harper & Bros. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

CAN you imagine disliking the human race so much that you made a young female chimpanzee the heroine of your novel, and then set out to spend a happy year or so writing a contemporary history solely calculated to show up *homo sapiens?* I can well imagine it, though I don't feel like that by any means (and besides, where would I go? For unfortunately I read a book by a zoölogist, one S. Zuckerman, which showed up chimps!). But Mr. John Collier feels like that and wrote "His Monkey Wife" to say so. He doesn't even seem to wish he did like the human race.

A first edition fancier has been compiling a bibliography of his work to which this author has contributed a preface. "I cannot see much good in the world," Mr. Collier writes, "nor much likelihood of good. There seems to me to be a definite bias in human nature towards ill . . ." and so on—all of which might have been induced by a contemplation of the abhorred dexterity of first edition fans, and seems to me in that case to be fair comment. The larger question is this: need the color run—as it does in his history—all over the rest of us who are not F. E. F.'s? Do all seemly things made by men—streets, domes, theatres, and temples—lie? Is the life of man a general mist of errors?

Now I am not prepared to concede this point to Mr. Collier, though I didn't much care about the war either, and though I quite agree with him about the smash the British Labor Party has come. But what I do say is this, if this point of view is tempered by a slightly less gas-oven mooded collaborator (I attribute a slight mitigation in sense of woe to Mr. Iain Lang, his co-author), then it rather seems that, suppose it coexists with literary light-handedness, it's a very good frame of mind for a contemporary historian. For no doubt this book is good.

In language that is in the main grave, and in a mood of unbiassed malice, Mr. Collier gives his reader the dirt and the low down as far as the laws of libel admit. The reader is given to understand (in its generous and modest preface) that the book is intended as a companion volume to "Only Yesterday," in which Mr. F. L. Allen so successfully surveyed the American scene. On the whole not quite so spectacular nor so statistical. For one thing, the events to be chronicled are on a more modest scale, and call for a more, shall we say loving, and intimate touch from the satirist; for another, the law of libel in England often makes it difficult for English writers who feel as Mr. Collier feels to speak their minds. Yet though it may seem quieter, that is not to say that it is really tamer. No one who has studied the English scene during the years since the war can fail to be struck by the book's remarkable power of getting right in on the inside, while on the other hand a reader who had not studied the events described could hardly fail to be amused and instructed. Indeed it would hardly be too much to say that this is the perfect book for the American reader who wants to know about England, if that reader will just bear in mind Mr. Collier's general attitude to the race of animals of which he is an unwilling member!

Then one more caveat. Mr. Collier, like every other creature, has not only genera and species but can be further classified. He is not only a man, he is a gentleman, a member of a cultivated section of the British bourgeoisie. And it will dawn upon the reader who is at all aware of class, that when he speaks, as he does repeatedly, of "Mr. and Mrs. Everyman" he does not mean the majority of his countrymen and women at all. He does not mean the man of the pick and lamp, of the Goliath Stoker, of the pneumatic rivetter, of plough, of oil-can and cotton-waste, nor does he means the woman of loom, bench, or washtub. Like most of his class and kind he knows nothing of the mass of the workers. He thinks (as they nearly all do), when he considers "Mr. and Mrs. Everyman," of the girl behind the counter or the typewriter, and of a funny little man with a season ticket and a lawn mower, and he has never got it into his head that even in England these people, the black-coated workers, though they are numerous, and though they do not belong to Mr. Collier's class, are yet for all that not the people, no, nor one-tenth of the people. They are as far removed in taste and culture and ethic from the main body of the workers as they are from that of the cultivated section of the ruling class to which these authors belong.

However, Mr. Collier and his colleague are by no means singular in their failure to observe the workers or to see that they, too, have their point of view in the problems of the hour, so the reader must not neglect this book in hopes of a better! As for Mr. Collier's pessimism, the pessimism of so many intelligent people today—is it possible that this curious inability to perceive the majority of the human race is responsible for it? Who knows? If and when these melancholy ones do see that the workers exist, they may find that it is in a world seen from the point of view of their needs that they can find balm for their unhappiness, and thus be willing to abandon the company of the arboreal members of the family of Primates.

GRAND OLD MEN, STILL LIVING "JUST THE OTHER DAY."
Photograph of Thomas Hardy and Sir Edmund Gosse, reproduced from "Fifty Years" (Dial).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Buchmanism

FOR SINNERS ONLY, THE BOOK OF THE OXFORD GROUPS. By A. J. RUSSELL. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1932. $1.50.

Reviewed by ALBERT CLARKE WYCKOFF

THIS book claims the unique distinction of being directly inspired by the guidance of the Holy Spirit, even down to the exact words of its title. As though this were not enough to keep properly subdued any presumptuous reviewer, there is added a whole chapter entitled, "The Stung Conscience." Over its portal in large flaming letters there appears this sign: "Beware of the Stung Conscience." It warns that the stung conscience is the first cause which motivates one to criticize a "deeply spiritual movement like the Oxford Groups." Here is a characteristic statement: "The chief opposition to the Oxford Group still comes . . . from those whose consciences

FRANK BUCHMAN.

are stung." My predicament, as one who happens to work in the field of psychology, is increased by the unfortunate coincidence that the two most notorious offenders caught in the "stung conscience" class are those who critcized the proceedings of the movement upon psychological grounds. One had to leave town within two weeks because of his conduct, the other finally broke down and confessed his secret sins, and "admitted that he was the fraud, not the Group." Such an instinctive fear of the psychologist seems to haunt Mr. Russell that he takes the defensive precaution to introduce a chapter entitled, "An Oxford Psychologist Speaks," who, upon investigation, turns out to be a Professor of Philosophy. Because of this peculiarly delicate situation, for my own protection, and to avoid any suspicion of irreverence toward the Holy Spirit, who is so familiarly treated in these pages, I shall quote the exact words of the author when presenting important points.

When, as an unregenerate English journalist, Mr. Russell first approached Dr. Buchman about running a series of articles on the Oxford Group in his newspaper, he was promptly refused permission. The principal reason is thus given:

> Further—and here he threw a bomb at me—the Holy Spirit's guidance was against encouraging me to write or organize the publication of anything about the Oxford Group until I myself was spiritually ready for the task.

Then follows in several chapters the story of how he experienced the miracle of the "changed life" which eventually qualified him to write "The Book of the Oxford Groups." The chapters entitled, respectively, "The Voice from the Blue," "The Three Troubadours," "Sex and Money," "A Journalist's Strangest Journey," and "Guidance at Work," furnish the details, and provide the supernatural, mystical atmosphere which pervades the whole book.

The leaders of the Group hold the firm conviction that "*not a man, but the Holy Spirit*" founded this movement. His "Human Engineer" was the Rev. Frank N. D. Buchman, D.D., an American Lutheran minister, ex-Y. M. C. A. Secretary, and the present executive head of the work. From him it derived its original name, Buchmanism, by which it was known for many years until recently, when, as some one said, "it went collegiate" and rechristened itself The Oxford Group. This new name has won instant popular acceptance. It possesses the exact psychological quality of social tone and intellectual atmosphere to appeal to the class its leaders are out to reach.

Our author very correctly insists that "no one will ever understand this movement who does not accept as a working hypothesis" the group's belief in the Holy Spirit's special guidance of Dr. Buchman. He italicizes the following statement: "*Frank is a child listening to God and obeying Him implicitly.*" In another place we read: "It is impossible to understand Frank at all unless he is thought of as always in God's presence, listening for direction and accepting power." Again and again we come upon remarks like this: "Frank is the most absolutely surrendered, completely guided, perfectly disciplined man I have ever known." And, "whatever he does he feels must be right, since he is doing what is the guided thing for him to do." And, "Frank sees both sides of a subject, right through a man, and all round the earth. "The amazing fact about these claims is that Dr. Buchman not only accepts this spiritual distinction, but supports it by special claims of his own, and exercises the authority which it naturally confers upon him. Here is one statement:"

> But that day I found the secret of true education. The Holy Spirit is the Light, the Guide, the Teacher, the Power. What I am able to do I do through the power that comes in the early hour of the morning quiet, waiting and watching for the voice of the Living God to break through the shadows of the night.

This idealizing of Dr. Buchman as *The* Holy Spirit-Guided man elevates him to the level of a spiritual superman. The only thing that saves this movement from turning into a super-belief cult organized around him as its Divine founder and prophet, is the character of its leaders and constituency. They are healthy, wholesome, for the most part, young. They are well-stabilized by education, social culture, world travel, recreational activities, a keen sense of humor, love of a good time, shrewd, practical common sense, and normal church affiliations; and the informal, intimate, friendly, democratic spirit which prevails among them. There are no Holy Orders, no specially consecrated priests or preachers. Their confessional is the group. "Sharing" one's sins with the group, automatically guarantees forgiveness and absolution. At least, the sense of guilt and uncertainty about forgiveness do not present any problems. They have no need for the prophet or preacher of "The Word," for their "Thus Saith the Lord" comes to each one personally through the Spirit's guidance in the quiet hour. And is recorded in a "Listening in" notebook, which constitutes a private little bible containing for its possessor the only "infallible rule for faith and practice."

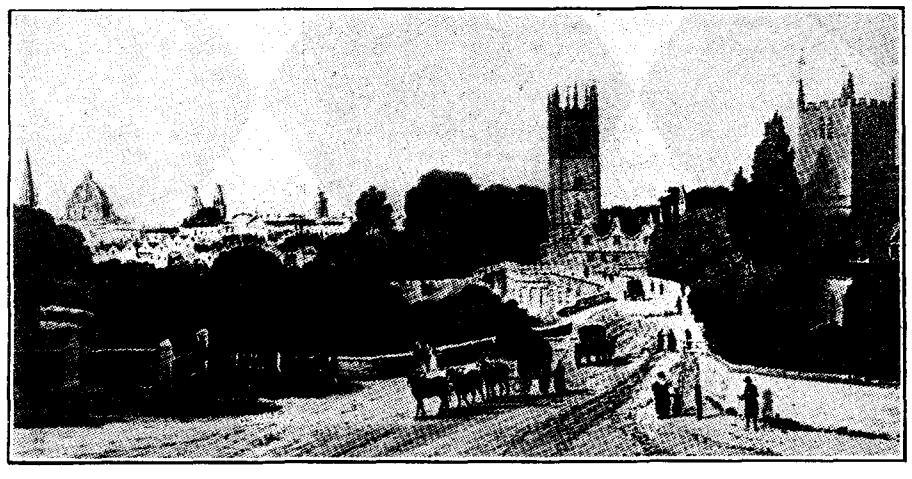
Our author next presents the great objective of the movement. It is:

> To found a new community of saints, always ready to be fools for Christ, always careless and carefree in an age of blank and blind materialism. To call together an interdenominational band of lay friars, Spirit-guided and controlled, who would roam the world with no visible means of income, living on God's manna as God's warriors, while outliving, outloving, outlaughing all in a glorious crusade to redeem the world from the thousand enticements of sin in a luxury loving, security seeking, sensual civilization.

Here we find described an exotic social organization. Similar ones have appeared periodically in religious history. Let us symbolize it under a Biblical idea. This mystical direct-Holy-Spirit-Guidance-belief, as above described, is religious wine of ancient vintage. It has been fermenting and seasoning since the days of primitive religion. It is a heady, highly intoxicating religious stimulant with a real kick in it. That it is dangerous stuff with which to trifle, no one with historical knowledge of religion will deny. It has been responsible for the ruinous religious sprees of many earnest individuals and groups. Like all highly intoxicating stimulants it has the power to relax one's natural reserve defensive mechanisms. So it opens the way to readily established new chummy intimacies, increased communicativeness, personal confidences, and confessions. Whenever you notice these reserve mechanisms unduly relaxed, you always find stimulants at work. This fact of itself is no condemnation of the belief. For stimulants have their place in the religious pharmacopœia. Yet it should be remember that such stimulants are always to be administered as medicine, never as healthful beverages or food. They have emergency, restorative value.

Mr. Russell advertises on every page that the Oxford Group specializes in this old, highly intoxicating religious wine. And the remarkable results which they get from its use are attracting the attention of the Church and the world. Secret sins are openly confessed, weakened moral and spiritual natures are revived and strengthened, lives, from parsons to prodigals, are changed. This practical contribution to the psychological and social world is of great value. The original genius of the movement, however, is not the power to change lives. Religion has been doing this through all ages. The new features are the social and intellectual strata it has selected for its field of work, and the unusual social-group unit it employs. It works among the young, healthy-minded, educated, athletic, students in our universities and colleges, and the adults who are socially and economically well established. The "up and out," as they say, instead of the "down and out," as is usual. One reporter remarked: "It is the Salvation Army gone high hat."

The psychological strategy by which this class is intrigued is the house party. This is an original, modern way of merchandizing this ancient religious belief. It is putting the old wine into new bottles. Not a trace of the old bottles remains. The language labels all have been changed. No pious or traditional phraseology is used, but modern slang and gripping words. The house party is far removed from a formal Church service, a prayer meeting, a rescue mission. It furnishes a luxurious home or hotel, and guarantees only socially superior guest companions. It is exclusive, while the Church is inclusive. It promises fun and a good time. All this is different. By its new idea of "sharing" it has wrought a subtle psychological change in the quality of the traditional experience of confession of sin. Instead of the overwhelming sense of guilt, shame, unworthiness, there is experienced a feeling of exhilaration, of courage in confessing, of heroic self-disclosure.



OXFORD, THE BACKGROUND OF "THE GROUP."

The last department in this new merchandizing enterprise to be modernized is its salesmen. How different these new "lay friars" from the traditional priest or preacher! We will let Mr. Russell describe the three men who were sent to make contact with him. They are typical. He says:

> My three callers were . . . (two) sons of bishops, and . . . a bronzed and athletic young Quaker. . . . Three exceedingly likable young men, smartly dressed and radiating good feeling, kindliness and self-possession. . . . Evidently Frank knew how to choose men.

These attractive, informal, friendly contact men remove the last barrier which might separate them from the group by insisting upon being called by their Christian names. So we know them as Frank, Bob, Rip, Garrett, Cleve, Sherry, Sam, Bill; a Rotary Club idea.

One of the most puzzling features of this "new community of saints" is its daring adventure to live without fixed incomes by faith and prayer. This is an oversimplification of what actually takes place. When "Frank" wants money he does pray for it. But this is not all. He establishes and cultivates carefully selected contacts with distinguished and wealthy people. He invites them to his public exhibitions; he not only won one English journalist, but he gets unusual newspaper publicity. He features the wealthy and prominent upon all occasions. He teaches the stewardship of and "sharing" of material possessions. The great majority of those associated with the movement are economically secure. He makes the group the economic unit, instead of the individual or family. And he keeps the financial structure of this unicellar organism protoplasmic enough to be able to call the resources of the whole to the help of any needy member. And when he asks for support and does not get it, Mr. Russell tells us, he can write a very "stiff" letter of rebuke and warning.

When one attempts to evaluate this movement, as our author presents it, its inception, growth, beliefs, present popularity and power, its strong leaders, its high class and eminent constituency, and its entirely original method of group functioning, we are forced to acknowledge that it is one of the most extraordinary religious movements of modern times. And its founder and executive head possesses to a remarkable degree, originality, courage, intellectual imagination, psychological alertness, a magnetic personality, great executive ability, a character above reproach, and exceptional religious faith.

Albert C. Wyckoff is a member of the department of psychology and religion of the Biblical Seminary in New York.

"Whatever else he was," says the London *Observer*, "Professor Saintsbury was encyclopaedic. It was popularly believed that no one had read, or remembered, so much in the way of literature. I believe, he once said, I have read nearly all the printed stock of English verse before 1600, and I know that I have read every poet of the slightest repute since that date, and a great number of poets who neither have nor deserve any.

"Saintsbury was not an O.M.—many people wondered why—but Galsworthy was, and had, in addition, quite a narrow escape from becoming a knight. His name actually appeared in the Honors List of 1918, but it was explained afterwards that the letter declining the honor had been delayed. Among others living today who have taken the same decision are J. M. Barrie (though he accepted a baronetcy later) and General Smuts."

An English journal asks: "Was it William James who tracked through the course of history the consequences of the act of the small boy who threw a stone at Socrates? We find something of the same largeness of view in the case of the lady who, in a lecture at Barcelona last week, discussed 'the influence of Sir Walter Scott on the movement for an independent Catalonia.'"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gorky and Lenin

MAXIM GORKY AND HIS RUSSIA. By ALEXANDER KAUN. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1932. $5.

Reviewed by MANYA GORDON

THIS is an ingeniously planned book. It contains an abundance of sex, sufficient disparagement of the Russian "narod" or common people, a glorification of Lenin, and a proper arraignment of the "futile" intelligentsia. To be sure, without the intelligentsia—Korolenko, Chekhov, and others—Gorky would have most likely remained unknown, and it is repeatedly shown that Gorky worships education and learning as only a person can who longed for them all his life and was unable to acquire them. But that is apparently another matter.

Gorky is the only surviving creative writer of importance of pre-revolutionary Russia who is known to the English reading public. Neither in Russia nor anywhere else has he at any time been taken seriously as a sociologist or political thinker. Yet the present biographer is avowedly not concerned with a critical study of Gorky's literary achievement. When a play or a short story by Gorky is mentioned it is done casually and more to set off the opinion of Korolenko, Chekhov, or Tolstoy than as an expression of the biographer's personal reaction. Professor Kaun is precisely interested in Gorky as a sociologist and political thinker, and he does not hesitate to consume 566 pages in order to demonstrate the well known fact that as a political theorist Gorky is subjective, erratic, and often completely confused. His constant quest for an ideal "living" philosophy frequently drove him into mixed company. On such occasions he was invariably rescued by Lenin's sharp criticism. The one-sided character of a contest in political philosophy between Lenin and Gorky could not have escaped Professor Kaun, but he must have been tempted by the realization that it makes good reading. It is quite apparent that the biographer is using Gorky merely as a guiding thread while he is taking the reader through pre-revolutionary and present-day Bolshevik Russia. He is really painting a portrait of Lenin—the true hero of the book. This is true even if nearly half the book is devoted to Gorky's childhood, boyhood, and youth, as an introduction to the Lenin tour. The story is a drab monotone relieved only by the kindly figure of Gorky's grandmother.

MAXIM GORKY.

But for two exceptions which we shall mention later the biography is a paraphrase of Gorky's personal reminiscences. Alexey Peshkov, who later became Maxim Gorky, was the son of an artisan. From very infancy he was exposed to the most indescribable squalor. The canvas, as painted by himself and reproduced by Professor Kaun, contains poverty, drunkenness, thieving, wife-beating, and inconceivable sexual intemperance. Alexey Peshkov, as he evolved into Maxim Gorky, witnessed every vice and failing that flesh is heir to. However, and here we approach the exceptions, although in his personal reminiscences Gorky does not hesitate to portray the truth as he saw it, and he certainly does seem to have seen sex very frequently, he does not stress it as much as his biographer does. Nor does Gorky visualize himself as a sort of Parsifal, pure in heart and body. Wagner, in order to make even so mythical a figure as Parsifal acceptable, dubbed him a Fool. Professor Kaun's Alexey Peshkov is quite a different person. He is notoriously clever. Nothing escapes him. He sees through everything and through everybody (particularly through the "Narodniks," the leaders of the revolutionary party of the People's Will who were respected by the entire civilized world but whom the Bolshevist creed has set down as fools and dreamers). The one thing that is always before the eyes of this wise Parsifal is sexual riot; yet he remains chaste. Gorky's virgin purity holds the attention of his biographer to an inordinate degree. Whether or not Gorky was really continent until his first affair of the heart when past twenty is of no importance. The constant emphasis on this quality in him is uncalled for, if not irritating. It conveys the impression that Gorky's purity is being used as a sort of leaven in a composition which is heavily laden with sex.

The best part of the book, and by far the most interesting, are the chapters in which Gorky's friendship with Korolenko, Chekhov, and Tolstoy are described. All these literary giants recognized in Gorky dynamic power but did not overlook his defects. A son of "the insulted and injured," he achieved his most lasting success in the portrayal of the lower depths—the people of his own early environment. But even here his portraiture is too subjective to have escaped the criticism of his literary friends. First Korolenko and later Chekhov admonished him to write simply, avoiding exaggeration and, on the technical side, the use of foreign words. Chekhov tried to persuade him that the Russian language is sufficiently rich to express every shade of thought. His severest critic was Tolstoy, who found the dialogue of his most successful play, "At the Bottom," so admirably acted by the Moscow Art Players, "tricky, and racy, unlike the real talk of common people." Tolstoy had to admit that Gorky did for the "dark people," the tramps and harlots, what Dostoievsky did for the criminal—he brought them to the attention of humanity, by no means an ignoble achievement. This was, however, not sufficient for an apostle of true realism like Tolstoy. To him Gorky's creations were "imaginary, artificial, emotional, and false." The advice to such writers by the author of "The Power of Darkness" is worth recording: "Neither he (Gorky) nor Andreiev have anything to say. They ought to write verse or, which Andreiev is doing, drama. In verse one is saved by a permissable vagueness, and in drama, by the scenery and actors."

Only those who are acquainted with the original text of Gorky's novels and plays will appreciate the significance of Tolstoy's penetrating observation. Stanislavsky and Nemirovich-Danchenko, the guiding spirits of the Moscow Art Theatre, Kachalov and Mme. Knipper, the leading players, are in a great measure responsible for the fact that "At the Bottom" is accepted as a masterpiece, the only one of Gorky's compositions which achieved this eminence. Gorky himself, according to Professor Kaun, was astonished at the amazing improvement in this play as a result of their collaboration. "At a rehearsal, when Gorky watched Kachalov in the role of the Baron, he boomed: 'I wrote nothing of the sort!' But he added: 'Only—that is far greater than what I wrote. Of that I have not even dreamed.'"

We quote the following from a story by James Joyce entitled "The Mookse and the Gripes," included in "Two Tales of Shem and Shaun," just issued in England by Faber & Faber: "Eins within a space and a wearywide space it wast ere wohned a Mookse. The onesomeness wast alltolonely, archunsitlike, broadly oval, and a Mookse he would a walking go (My hood! cries Antony Romeo), so one grandsumer evening, after a great morning and his good supper of gammon and spittish, having flabelled his eyes, pilleolded his nostrils, vacticinated his ears and palliumed his throats, he put on his impermeable, seized his impugnable, harped on his crown and stepped out of his immobile *De Ruro*."

A Man of Letters

ZOLA. By HENRI BARBUSSE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by CHRISTIAN GAUSS

M. BARBUSSE'S book is not a biography. It does not deal with Zola's youth, and such brief references as are made to his early life are brought in as sidelights to make intelligible certain phases of his later activities. There are two highly dramatic periods in Zola's life; the first, provided by his early bitter, determined, and finally successful struggle for recognition; the second, at the close of his life, when he suddenly advanced to the center of the political stage and with his famous "J'accuse" letter in favor of Dreyfus, brought about a revision of the Affaire and his own exile to England. Barbusse fails to discuss either of them in detail. For the facts of Zola's life, his gradual development, as well as for a critique of particular works, the ordinary reader will do better to consult the more detailed recent study by Matthew Josephson.

In general spirit, Barbusse's volume comes much closer to being a twentieth century version of the Carlylean theme, the Hero as Man of Letters, with Zola as protagonist. The volume begins with a chapter called "The Objective," dealing with the Paris of 1869; the newspapers, the theatres, the jumbled life of the streets. In style all this is Barbusse at his best.

> On the Chaussée du Boulevard Montmartre there is a mix-up of vehicles, cabs, *Daumonts*, hansoms as delicate as pen and ink sketches, carried along in parallel streams,—and nearer the ground, along the whole line, the princely glitter of the wheels. The legs of the thoroughbreds decked out in lacquered metal, curve and multiply,—delicate little lines and black spots,—you might take them for notes unhooked from the staff and thrown in rhythmic and impetuous handfuls on the street. The coachman is a statue, his whip a sceptre.

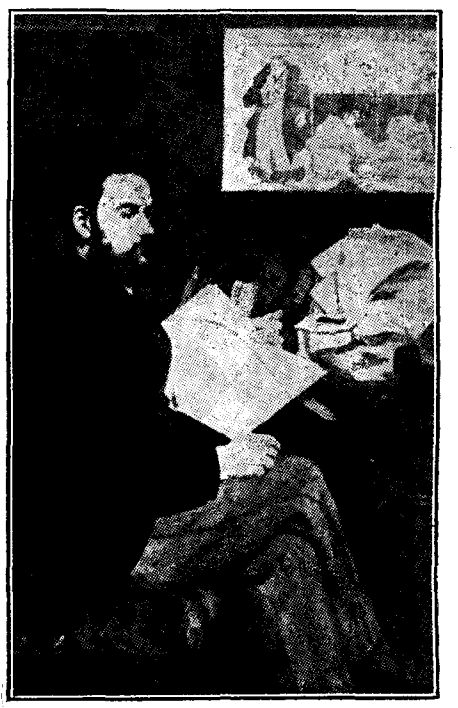
But if he gives us such side shots at what may be called the elegancies of the epoch, the general focus is upon the sordid, money grubbing aspects of France about to become a republic. Through these streets, Zola's friend, Cézanne, still trundles his canvases to the Salon every year, and has them ignominiously rejected.

The second chapter is called "A Council of War," in which the aims and methods of attack of various artists of the time upon this civilization are presented. It is followed by a third chapter, "Me," in which Zola discusses with himself the line his own development must take, and assesses the contributions that previous artists have made in their advances toward scientific realism. From Courbet and Manet he has drawn color and light and their technique of bold relief, "the palpitation of life." From Champfleury, we are told, he has taken the simple precept, "There is no forbidden subject," and Barbusse continues to tell us that Zola has learned from this forgotten pioneer of realism that "All that is in nature is in art." All this is vivid and alive, though now and then the literary historian will find it oddly summary and inaccurate. At this period, for instance, Zola was waging a fierce campaign against romanticism and all its works; and yet that phrase in which, according to Barbusse, he sums up his great indebtedness of Champfleury, was, curiously enough, not Champfleury's. "All that is in nature is in art" had been written forty-two years before by Victor Hugo in the despised "Préface de Cromwell." Such errors of detail are, however, not capital, and the student who is willing to consider Barbusse's volume carefully will find in it something striking and significant, not because it throws new light upon Zola but because it throws light upon the ideal of the man of letters held by that group of continental writers who are tired of the futilities of symbolism, surréalism, and all those cognate movements which do not have their feet firmly planted on the ground. In other words, this volume on Zola is a manifesto in favor of direct action. It ties up with syndicalism and George Sorel's "Reflections sur la Violence" far more closely than with any previous literary school.

In presenting Zola in the role of man of letters as hero, Barbusse assumes that he was scientific and realistic. The one criticism he makes on the works of the French naturalistic novelist bears only upon one weakness. Zola had always held that he had no interest whatever in political affairs. He was scientific. This, according to Barbusse, is illogical or at least inconsistent. He had drawn his method from Bernard's "Experimental Medicine." Yet any careful diagnosis of the society of Zola's time should have revealed to him not only the malady but its cause, and this cause would in every case go back to inadequate and vicious social, economic, and political arrangements. If the work of the novelist is therefore not to remain merely a sterile following of the art for art's sake school, it must not only indicate what is wrong, but the course of treatment to be applied. When the realistic approach indicates that a society has become as bourgeois, as self-seeking, as corrupt, as Zola's analyses prove his own to have been, there is only one remedy and that must be applied ruthlessly. To Barbusse, that remedy is revolution. Zola's intervention in the Dreyfus case was therefore logical, and Barbusse holds that in this action he was far more consequent than in his literary theory of scientific detachment.

This thesis is presented forcibly and leads him to conclude:

> Go to it (the multitude), not as one goes on Sundays to see wild beasts in a cage in some Zoölogical Garden, handing them a bone at the end of a stick; not to get a rest from *snobisme* which is going out of fashion, not to fish for new picturesque elements in the squalor and the grandeur of these mobs of the downtrodden. Go without the cheap shrewdness of the lawyer or priest, and do not try, once again, to tie up in garlands of words that great thinking herd which is breaking its chains. Get into the midst and rise with it.



EMILE ZOLA.
From a painting by Manet.

Readers who are interested in comprehending what is beginning to be called the "bankruptcy of liberalism" and who have been struck by the conversion of sincere artists and literary critics like Edmund Wilson, to philosophies of the left, can, in spite of its inadequacy as literary history, obtain considerable information on this problem from Barbusse's moving and eloquent thesis.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY..... *Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.... *Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN..... *Managing Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENET, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } *Contributing Editors*

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 9. No. 32.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Copyright, 1933, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A New Zola?

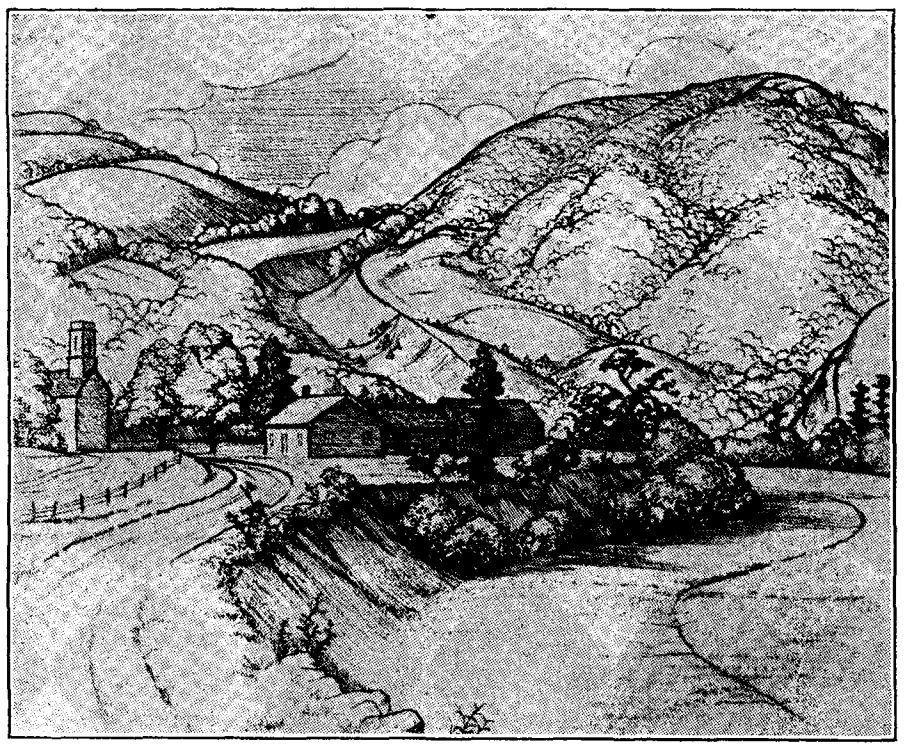
THIS BRIGHT SUMMER. Anonymous. New York. Covici-Friede. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THERE should be some speculation as to the identity of one his publishers call "a practiced and practicing novelist," the anonymous author of this astonishing novel. It concerns the brutality and lust of certain individuals in a sequestered hill village in Vermont, a strange community over which wild nature broods malevolently despite the beauty of the countryside. In the main the story is unrelievedly tragic, save for the idyllic quality of the love between the heroine and hero, Sarah Wales and Lake Carver. This reviewer found the book intensely readable, intensely dramatic, and "to evoke the emotions of pity and terror" according to specifications. The author is certainly one with whom to reckon.

In retrospect, the number of violent deaths that accumulate in the course of the narrative is almost overpowering! The amount of villainy is overflowing. The book is no meat for babes. There is horror on horror's head. But the graphic power of the narrative leads one to sustain the convey the richness of texture of the book, its strong analysis of primitive emotions, the moving beauty of the love story of Sarah and Lake, or the oppressively stark drama of its dark side. The author employs no euphuisms, though the book is as clean as the proverbial hound's tooth. Simply, it deals with most brutal matters. The two lovers are overwhelmed by a world of physical force with which they cannot cope. It is in the poignance of their desperate struggle against forces too powerful for them that the excitement of the novel resides. At one point it almost seems that they have miraculously triumphed, when their happiness is again plunged in darkness. "This Bright Summer" is no book for those who desire happy endings.

The literature of today would appear to exult in studies of brutality. One hopes Lobe's End is an exceptional hill-village, in the examples of brutality it musters! But Shakespeare and the Elizabethans knew that the primitive passions were material for the most vivid drama. O'Neill knows it in our time. Indeed it has been suggested that this is the sort of novel Eugene O'Neill might have written. It does not seem to me that he could have written it any more thoroughly!



VERMONT LANDSCAPE.
From "Blythe Mountain," by Christopher Morley (Stephen Daye).

almost unbearable. Above all the villains looms the huge figure of the black-souled Enoch Wales. His wife, grossly preyed upon, is finally struck by lightning. He seduces one of his own daughters, tries to ruin the life of the other, and is finally killed by the village idiot after having been overpowered by a mob who intend to visit upon him a terrible retribution. The feud between the Carvers and the Hallowells, meanwhile, furnishes one of the book's strong undercurrents, and Matt Carver and Sam Hallowell die in the feud. Matt, a colossus in strength, and Sam, his enemy, both desire Sarah Wales in marriage. She is a beautiful and free creature living in a home like a dark hell. She falls in love with Lake Carver, Matt's younger brother, the hero of the story, but physically no match for the strong men, Enoch and Matt, who block his path at every turn. Enoch forcibly betroths Sarah to Sam Hallowell, and on the eve of the wedding Matt engages Sam in a terrific fight the like of which I have not read of in fiction since an experience long ago with Zola's "La Terre." This fight is taken up again on the steps of the church next day, when a terrific thunderstorm breaks, and in the confusion Annie Wales, the mother, engineers a swift marriage between Lake and Sarah. This drives Matt into madness. Brief is the happiness of the married lovers. Matt still lives at the Carver farm, and his insane brooding upon Sarah results in his rape of her while her husband is away. Thereafter she endures the agonies of the damned in her own spirit and finally, Lake having gone to finish off the Carver-Hallowell feud, commits suicide.

Such a rapid sketch of some of the main incidents of the story cannot, however, Even when one makes every allowance for the melodrama, and for the emphasis upon the sex-obsessions of these mountaineers, the fact that the author can so move our compassion and indignation in behalf of the innocent is a tribute to the force of his pen. It may be that another Zola is emerging. Time will tell.

"Somehow Good"

GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE. Anonymous. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $2.50.

THE conveniences of dictatorship, which appeal to so many in the present troubled and messy state of the world, are again pictured in this fanciful story of what happened to Judson Hammond, President of the United States.

Mr. Hammond appears to have been elected President at just about the time Governor Roosevelt was, and the novel purports to be the narrative of one of the White House secretaries looking back on the revolutionary changes made during his administration from some time in the future. In picturing his hero, the anonymous author has his eye, evidently, on President Harding, and things begin to happen when President Hammond's friendly, slightly florid, easy-going personality is suddenly changed as a result of an automobile accident. All at once he becomes hard as flint, a sort of physical robot, riding rough-shod over all opposition, as he obeys the trumpet-calls or voices, heard only by himself, which give the book its title of "Gabriel Over the White House."

With the nation behind him, thanks to his success in putting himself and his program of reforms before the people through the medium of television addresses, he sends Congress home in short order, and governs under an Emergency Decree with the aid of a Cabinet made up of specialists taken from commanding positions in the nation's business and industry. The States are controlled through Presidential sub-committees. It's a dictatorship, right enough, but President Hammond preserves a so-called democracy by "selling" his own personality and his ideas to a people made so desperate by economic distress, unemployment, gangster oppression, and other ills that they are ready to accept almost any promising way out.

One of the first actions of the new Government is the issue of a five million dollar internal loan of "Prosperity Bonds" accompanied by Treasury orders designed to "prevent hoarding of capital and the dislocation of currency." Then the Treasury "printed a new series of paper money in various denominations while the Federal Reserve began retiring its notes. No attempt was made to give this new currency a gold backing. It was 'just paper,' but behind that paper was the whole wealth and resource of the United States. These red and blue bills speedily became legal tender at all banks, shops, and offices in view of the Treasury's refusal to pay a premium on gold-secured currency." To forestall attack by the Federal courts, the President promptly increased the Supreme Court from nine to fifteen and appointed six new judges who would support his policies.

And so on. Gold is "internationalized," the Navy becomes part of an international force, gangsters are crushed by a new constabulary known as the "Green Jackets," the manufacture and sale of alcohol becomes a task restricted to the Federal Government, in fact, President Hammond makes the world over according to what he views as a "rule of reason," and everything is going swimmingly when he meets with another accident. This removes the amnesia or whatever it is he has been suffering from, and he becomes again the friendly, folksy politician elected in the thick of the Great Depression. Aghast at the dictatorial crimes he has committed unwittingly against democracy, he is about to launch another television broadcast destroying his angelically inspired work, when a heart attack providentially takes him off. The author's implication is that his reformed Government remains.

As in all such efforts, the fictional superstructure is a mere means for putting into readable form some of the many speculative notions which slosh about in people's minds in a time of crisis like the present. It is not badly done, and as for author's suggestions, nearly all of which are highly controversial, they must be taken by the individual reader for what he thinks they are worth.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE. Anonymous. *Farrar & Rinehart.*
An ingenious yarn in which a president of the United States changes from a back-slapping politician to a dictator who pulls his country out of the quagmire.

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS. Edited by WALTER LIPPMANN. *Harpers.*
Political surveys and interpretative comment.

BEAUREGARD. By HAMILTON BASSO. *Scribners.*
The biography of the Confederate general whos life showed interesting contradictions.

This Less Recent Book:

THE FARAWAY BRIDE. By STELLA BENSON. *Harpers.*
A tale of China.

Family Group

MOTHER AND FOUR. By ISABEL WILDER. New York. Coward-McCann. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

WITHIN the swift-moving currents of artistic and social change there are smaller, self-encircling eddies that seem scarcely a part of the general stream. Families self-inclosed, units turned in upon their own difficulties, hardly aware of the forces beyond themselves which carry their totality along.

It is of such a group, a small family, that Miss Wilder writes. She is little concerned with the causes, outside itself, of her family's situation. She enters into the close-charmed circle and writes throughout from that inner view. Conscious forms of expression trouble her as slightly. She writes simply, even naively, an old-fashioned story. But in so doing she brings to life a warm homeliness made up of a multitude of trifles vivified by the feelings which play over them, smoothly in happy recurrence of daily routine at times and so desperately and all unprepared at others.

The day after the funeral plunges us at once into the situation. Laura Derwent is up early, following a sleepless night, to get her four children ready for the day. Life must go on in spite of death. Laura must be father and mother both, housekeeper and breadwinner, too. A young professor's salary has made possible only a meager "life insurance," an ironic phrase where there are five people to be clothed and fed, and four to be educated. Fear takes hold of Laura as she considers the long road ahead, the chill, dead emptiness of the house.

In this first morning the characters of all five become apparent. Through the next decade they work themselves out without spectacular change, Arthur assuming burdens beyond his years and endurance, Tiny always Laura's helpful next, Larry and Spencer to give color and diversity to the picture. The fortunes of the group are simply those that mig happen to any so pressed upon by circu stance.

Laura's personality dominates the bo and grips the reader. She holds so gallantly and hazardously to what she believes will be the good life for her children. The worldly importance of money and success she is eager to shield them from until they shall have come to know fully her goods and her gods. Her own romance as a

ISABEL WILDER.

widow avoids all that is trite and shabby through her clear idea of mission and through Miss Wilder's admirable restraint in portrayal.

There are pages and incidents in the book of a solid and durable reality, there are other passages that are forced into shape too obviously. At its best, the story reminds one of the people next door. Over and over again the author shows how excellent an admixture is a little earth ground into a novel. There are other moments, unfortunately, when one remembers "The Five Little Peppers and How They Grew."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green

Granules from an Hour-Glass

MR. DOUGLAS GILBERT of the New York *World-Telegram* called our attention to the fact that February 23 was the 300th anniversary of the birth of Samuel Pepys. In thinking about this we ran upon another equally interesting fact. We were wondering whether Pepys and Edmund Hoyle (the famous whist-player) were not really contemporary. Looking up Hoyle's dates we discovered that he lived to the great age of 97 (1672-1769). Evidently card-playing is an aid to longevity.

In the matter of legal prose, a client of the Green shows us a document which he considers the most comprehensive and perdurable piece of literary composition he has ever encountered. It runs "from the beginning of the world to the day of the date of these presents," thus:—

To all to whom these Presents shall come or may concern

Greeting: Know Ye That..... for and in consideration of the sum of ..... lawful money of the United States of America to.....in hand paid by ..... the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, have remised, released, and forever discharged, and by these presents do for ..... heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, of all and from all, and all manner of action and actions, cause and causes of actions, suits, debts, dues, sums of money, accounts, reckonings, bonds, bills, specialties, covenants, contracts, controversies, agreements, promises, variances, trespasses, damages, judgments, extents, executions, claims and demands, whatsoever, in law or in equity, which against ..... ever had, now ..... or which ..... heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, hereafter can, shall or may have, for upon or by reason of any matter, cause or thing whatsoever from the beginning of the world to the day of the date of these presents.

A good legal anecdote is told by Judge Joseph N. Ulman, of Baltimore, in his most admirable book for laymen, *A Judge Takes the Stand*, soon to be published by Knopf:—

> Once upon a time there was a contentious litigant. His case had been contested stubbornly and his lawyer was by no means hopeful of success. The litigant was called out of town while the jury was deliberating its verdict, and when he left, he gave the lawyer an address, requesting that a telegram be sent him as soon as the verdict was known. The jury decided in his favor, and the lawyer was so overjoyed that he sent this enthusiastic message: "Justice and right have triumphed." The reply was brief and pointed: "Enter an appeal at once."

Our much respected British contemporary, the *Manchester Guardian*, says that at the University of Nagpur in Central India it is proposed to establish special degrees for women graduates, and attention is to be paid to the "aesthetic side of the degrees given to female candidates." At the moment, however, the amount of attention devoted seems not altogether adequate, for it is proposed to turn the style and title of B.A. into that of V.A., which is to signify "Virago Artium," even as "V.Sc." is to signify "Virago Scientiæ." At Nagpur it is announced that these titles will mean "Heroine of Arts" and "Heroine of Science" respectively, but it may be pointed out that elsewhere among the English-speaking peoples the word "virago" does not quite carry the complimentary cannotations of "heroine." A "Virago of Arts" will not, to most people, renew the picture presented by Tennyson in his reference to "sweet girl-graduates." Or the point might be put another way. If at Nagpur there is presently produced a "V.C.," or "Virago of Commerce," it may well leave a slight impression that another sort of V.C. should be awarded to those who have to work with her.

On a recent romantic visit to Mexico City, W. S. H. found at the American bookshop there a Tauchnitz edition of a Conan Doyle story new to him and to us—*The Poison Belt*, one of the adventures of the bristly scientist Professor Challenger. W. S. H. points to a passage in that story as the high apex of British temperament. Professor Challenger is speaking to his faithful and well-trained man-servant:—

"I'm expecting the end of the world today, Austin."

"Yes, sir. What time, sir?"

"I can't say, Austin. Before evening."

"Very good, sir."

Another of Conan Doyle's pleasant minutiæ in the Professor Challenger stories is emphasizing the prickly temper of the scientist by calling his home "The Briars," Rotherfield.

MUNICIPAL WE

(*From Our Special Correspondent*)

SIR:—I think the ideal way to leave New York is from the foot of Wall St. For two reasons—first, if the taxi driver doesn't know about South St. (which is almost certain) he will turn left into Wall from B'way and one can observe the various ominous and familiar addresses of former advising brokers with the comfortable knowledge that in a few minutes one will be quite away from it all. Second, the view of the city from the deck of a Ward Line ship seems strange and unusual to one accustomed to the Hudson. For one thing, the buildings silhouetted black against the sun seem to rise right out of the water. For the ship sails early in the evening, whether to give passengers the benefit of a grand last look or to arrive at the next port at a certain time, I do not know.

To be more explicit, I happened to be leaving on the S.S. *Orizaba*. We were assisted by Messrs tugs *Frederick E.* and *Joseph F. Meseck* who made quick work of getting the ship's nose pointed south.

The dining-room steward asked us if we would like to sit at the Chief Engineer's table. We would. I think I had better explain this "us" and "we" business. It's not editorial. I got married. This is how it happened: We had a license, $2.00. We walked into a room on the third floor of the Municipal Building, paid $2.00 more and found ourselves sitting in a dreary room already occupied by three other scared couples. There was nothing to look at except a closed door marked *Chapel* and two signs, one *Positively No Smoking* and one more explicit, *No Smoking*. That settled that, and two damp and crumpled Chesterfields went back into the cellophane. I felt no chances should be taken at this time. Well, we just sat (and if you think it's chummy and comfortable in that room, run down some time and look at the benches. Ex. Erie Station.) What bothered me was that Chapel door. It didn't open. Finally a man entered from the hall smoking. He opened the door, glanced at the papers on his desk, bellowed a single name and one of the couples rose, the lady looking very grim and determined, the bridegroom rather doubtful about it all. Or so it seemed to me. The door closed; it opened again in two minutes! Good Heavens, *so* quick? I timed the next pair, too; same number of minutes! And so it was that we entered at 11:28 and emerged, I suppose at 11:30, for while I have—we have—a paper to prove that this really happened, I don't remember much except a big genial face saying things, and a big genial fist signing something at the same time. But you can't expect a big elaborate ceremony for $2.00, especially the way things are. And especially too when you arrive, just the two of you, without even any witnesses. But I can recommend it—I've been to church weddings.

We had a swell trip (no pun) on the way to Havana where we stopped just a few hours. I started to get busy with my hidden accomplishments for M.'s benefit and began to inflict my Spanish on the natives in inquiring the way to the Hotel Plaza. But my pure Castillian pronunciation of "c" and "z," being only theoretically correct, didn't accomplish much, and I was soon hopelessly lost. It was dark, and I observed in a strong manner to M. that it looked dangerous. I also remarked that Cubans don't understand real Spanish. She didn't answer. Just then an undoubted American rounded the corner. He showed us our way by taking us there—and did he know his Havana! And being Capt. Harrington of the P. & O. S.S. *Cuba* (Havana, Key West, and Tampa), why not? He takes plenty of Americans to Havana and enjoys rescuing them after they get there.

The skipper of the *Orizaba* is Lt. Com. James E. Blackadder. He is a grand old sea dog and leaves his ship only when she's safely tied up, "foot of Wall St." Has been making the Vera Cruz run for thirty-five years and has never been to Mexico City! "Got to watch things on the ship." Chief Engineer Rollin E. Clark has been keeping engines running smoothly for Capt. Blackadder for fifteen years—a record of its kind? Anyway, the skipper pulled my leg beautifully one day. I had finished a sketch of the top deck looking forward and up from well aft. The Captain came strolling along and took a look. "Where's the bow?" I explained at great length that from that point I couldn't see the bow, so couldn't put it in. "Well, it's there and ought to be in," and he walked on. Later I found out the skipper was just having a little fun.

The *Orizaba* has oil-burning turbine engines—Parson's cross compound single reduction gear, to give the full name. Exactly the same, Mr. Clark explained, as Capt. Bone's *Transylvania*. She was built before ships went fussy about decorations, etc., so that one always knew one was in a ship. We had a thousand tons of cargo on board for Vera Cruz, which apparently steadied her a great deal, for she rode out one very bad day with slight notice of the weather.

I was delighted to discover that our room steward had charge of the saxophone in the band. I suggested to him that he play a few bars outside our room each morning for a pleasant awakening, but he thought I was just being facetious.

Best drink on board—Rum Collins, 30c; also the most insidious. Best beer served—Moctezuma; please note new and correct spelling. W. S. H.

I have spoken here of my great admiration of the paintings of Grant Wood of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. It's a pleasure to learn that the Whitney Museum in New York has borrowed Mr. Wood's "American Gothic" from the Chicago Art Institute for a month's showing. That is the picture of an Iowa farmer and his wife, the man holding a pitchfork, which we reproduced here some years ago. Grant Wood's paintings are a profound comment on American history. No less so is his more recent "Daughters of Revolution," a photo of which I put on this page. I gather that it was suggested by the fact that some members of the D. A. R. considered some of his work "unAmerican (!). But Mr. Wood remarks cheerfully that "Daughters of Revolution" was done "in fun rather than in anger."

DAUGHTERS OF REVOLUTION, FROM A PAINTING BY GRANT WOOD.

Perhaps he will not mind my quoting from a private letter. Mr. Wood writes:—

"I am fed up on writing and painting that takes what seems to me an unfair advantage by using subject matter that is too well established by usage. I am tired of painters who go on saying that flowers are pretty—when everyone knows damned well that they are. And this goes, too, for picturesque material, including paintings of Venice and Taos, New Mex."

As the Bowling Green has to go West on business that will take some time, it asks leave for some intermission. Readers will pardon us for being irregular, as this department has been hebdomadally on the job for some eighteen months. Reports on our Pacific investigation will be issued later, as opportunity offers.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"Colophon" offers in a recent issue of *John o'London's Weekly*, the following "hawlers":

Matrimony is a place where souls suffer for a time on account of their sins.

An undergraduate is a person not up to the mark.

William Penn founded Pennsylvania for the quackers.

The male inhabitants of Paris are called Parisites, and the female inhabitants are called Flames.

Equinoxes are the people who live in Greenland.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RELIGION, MYTH, AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

Man the Myth-Maker

ASIATIC MYTHOLOGY. By J. HACKIN, HENRI MASPERO, and others. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1932. $10.

THE MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES. Volume XIII. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. 1932.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF JAPAN. By F. HADLAND DAVIS. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $5.

MYTHS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS. By LEWIS SPENCE. The same.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES. By W. RAMSAY SMITH. The same.

THIS notice will serve to point out to those interested in Man the eternal myth-maker certain more or less standard works upon mythology, a subject in which the present reviewer has had a special, though hardly an expert's, interest since the years in which he read Bullfinch and Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales" and Kingsley's "Greek Heroes." In the first place, whether you are obliged to pay sixty-three shillings for it or ten American dollars, you will find F. M. Atkinson's translation of a certain large tome, now published here as well as in England, a mine of curious information concerning "Asiatic Mythology." The enterprise of its compilation was captained by J. Hackin, keeper of the Musée Guimet in Paris. The contributors of articles include such authorities as Henri Maspero and Raymonde Linossier. The book is a detailed description and explanation of the mythologies of all the great nations of Asia. It is a sumptuous volume, containing fifteen plates in color and over three hundred and fifty other illustrations. Its introduction is written by Paul-Louis Couchoud. He reminds us of certain important Eastern sayings regarding gods:

> "The mortal made the immortal," says the *Rigveda*. The Indian monk Bodhidharma, in the sixth century of our era, said before the Emperor Leang Wu Ti: "There is no Buddha outside the heart. Save the reality of the heart all is imaginary. The heart is Buddha, and Buddha is the heart. To imagine a Buddha outside the heart, to conceive that he is seen in an external place, is but delirium."

The East is profoundly wise concerning its religion. Compared with Asia's mystical recognition of the god-making power in man, our Western religiosity seems often crude. But among our own analysts of legend we have a Western poet, Padraic Colum, who has not only retold the great stories of the world in many books for readers young and old, but several years ago condensed the chief myths of the world in a volume called "Orpheus," beautifully decorated by a European artist. Though chiefly a story-book, this is also a study of comparative religions, condensed and vivid.

The Complete Index to "The Mythology of All Races," in thirteen volumes, edited by Canon John Arnott MacCulloch, D.D., is now published by the Archæological Institute of America through the Marshall Jones Company of Boston. The ground covered in this monumental work includes Greek and Roman, Eddic, Celtic and Slavic myths, and also the Semitic, Indian, African, Chinese, Japanese, Egyptian, and American.

We believe it was Harrap in England who first launched the myths and legends series that Farrar & Rinehart are now bringing out over here. We remember first running across Lewis Spence's "Myths of the North American Indians" on a shelf in the New York Public Library when we were browsing for poetic material. The three volumes now before us embody separately the legends of Japan, the myths of the Australian aboriginals, and those of our own Indians as noted above. The illustrations to the last-named volume are hideous, even as those to the Japanese one are quite beautiful. The photographs in the aboriginal book are of particular interest. It is not our function here to comment upon the stories, save to point out that particularly to the poet, there is a deep mine of material in the legends of all races. From the beginning man has celebrated every personal experience by the creation of a god, and these multitudinous and infinitely varied personifications still envelop our world like cloud. Therefore the study of mythology becomes the modern poet, no less than the poet of an elder day, though he may bring to his recreation of mythology an entirely different point of view. The truths of nature and many of the greatest ethical values are embedded in what may seem to some at first glance mere childish story-telling. Mr. Colum, one of our finest modern poets, is sage in his philosophic regard for the eternal expression of the imagination of a people—the myth.

Foreign Missions

RE-THINKING MISSIONS: A Laymen's Inquiry After One Hundred Years. By the Commission of Appraisal, WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING, Chairman. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1932.

Reviewed by J. LOSSING BUCK

THIS is a report of a laymen's commission for the appraisal of foreign missions, but it is deservedly published as a book because it is primarily a work about an extensive enterprise and only a few pages have the tiresomeness to the ordinary reader which characterizes the usual report. It is true the average reader may hesitate to read it, thinking that it has no interest for him. But any person who is at all interested in international affairs should want to become conversant with a movement which has had and will probably continue to have great international influence. Naturally the large number of persons who have contributed to foreign missions will find this an invaluable source of information.

The book is divided into three parts, dealing with the aim and scope of missions, the types of work conducted by missions, and the administration of missions. In brief, the opinion of the Commission is that Christianity should be presented to a greater extent by living useful service rather than by trusting so much to preaching alone. The "word" would not be eliminated, but service would be the proof of the Christian way of living. This different emphasis is causing some stir among the Conservatists in the churches and mission boards, partly through a misinterpretation of the report and partly because the Conservatists prefer to depend largely on preaching for the propagation of their religion. But the Commission is simply advocating the presentation of Christianity in an intelligent manner, and those who would eliminate intelligence must fight a losing battle.

The first four chapters, which cover these general principles, are exceptionally well written and embody a statement of religious interpretation of universal appeal. The next eight chapters go into detail regarding each type of work,—the church, education, Christian literature, modern agriculture, industry, and women's work. The chapter on agriculture gives a concise statement of background knowledge essential before anyone can hope to improve conditions. The last two chapters deal with personnel and administration. Fewer missionaries of higher qualifications are recommended. This is essential, but it is not to be taken as a reflection on the quality of most missionaries of the larger denominations. Mediocrity is within all organizations, including even our American universities, where there is as much need of the best brains as in the mission field.

Nevertheless, aside from quality, there are too many missionaries in proportion to the amount of funds available for specific types of work. A more highly trained person would require a much larger budget at his disposal than that of the average missionary, and the average missionary's budget is entirely too small to permit of his greater development.

The most radical recommendation in the report is that all foreign mission work of all denominations be consolidated under one Council with field directors in each country. The purpose of such reorganization is to present a united front in foreign lands, taking only essentials of Christianity and leaving denominational baggage behind. The details of the plan are not given, but undoubtedly the Commission is right in recommending a greater unification in organization.

The report reaches as near the stage of perfection as one could expect. There are, of course, minor details which one might question, and in a few places one has a feeling that problems are touched upon, but that the Commission was unable to come to a fundamental understanding of them. This is particularly true in the problem of how the missionary should live. The conclusion that missionary salaries are adequate does not seem to agree with the experience of most missionaries who do need greater financial margin if they are to assume the leadership they are supposed to take. With a still higher type of missionary, salaries must be increasingly greater. One of the chief limiting factors in the selection of missionaries in the past has been the fact that the only possible candidates were those who had no financial obligations such as insurance, college debts, or relatives to support, and those who were willing to submit to a bare subsistence when the type of leadership demanded a more adequate provision.

The Commission has given a very remarkable interpretation of what should be the aim and organization of missions. The conclusion fits the situation surprisingly well, and only a commission composed of very exceptional persons could have so accurately grasped so complex a situation. The very fact that laymen in Christian churches did produce such a group of qualified persons, devoted to the spread of Christianity as a way of everyday living, is evidence enough that the missionary movement will continue, but continue in a more effective way.

Four Bibliographies

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WORKS OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY. By LOUIS HENRY COHN. New York: Random House. 1931. $6.

THE CRITICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD. By RUTH ELVISH MANTZ. New York. Long & Smith. 1932.

THE WRITINGS OF D. H. LAWRENCE, 1925-1930: A Bibliographical Supplement. By E. D. MCDONALD. Philadelphia. Centaur Bookshop. 1931.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM MCFEE. By JAMES T. BABB. New York. Doubleday, Doran. 1931.

Reviewed by GILBERT M. TROXELL

THE compiling of bibliographies seems at present in danger of becoming a general amusement, without rules or restrictions, in which everyone feels capable of taking part. Fifteen years ago it was necessary to find special book clubs to subsidize the printing of such technical works: now even commercial publishers, in order to satisfy an increasing demand, have occasionally been willing to turn aside from mystery stories and novels of confession to bring out these books. The most ardent, and often the most careless, adventurers in this new field are Americans, who, with entire confidence in themselves, and with little interest in the past, blunder along, taking much for granted and confusing enthusiasm with scholarship in a way that suggests the antics of a puppy. If they are aware of the work done by their predecessors, they do not show it—there is, in fact, every reason to believe that, for them, typography was invented by Mr. Bruce Rogers, and that books came into general use in about 1900. They live in a world of their own making.

Take, for example, Mr. Louis H. Cohn's "Bibliography of Ernest Hemingway." Commencing with a frontispiece that might better have been omitted, this book progresses steadily from stupidity to stupidity until in its final section, "From the Compiler's Notebook," Mr. Cohn discards all pretense of bibliography and appears frankly as an apologist for his hero. If bibliography is concerned with literary criticism, and if the physical aspects of Mr. Hemingway's books are altered in the least by the fact that Mrs. Gerould and Robert Herrick dislike his writing, while John Galsworthy and Mr. Cohn find it wholly admirable, then of course paragraphs like these are necessary; otherwise, they seem merely to suggest a display of somewhat childish bad temper. Mr. Cohn's descriptive notes, done in the usual Hemingway idiom, are confused, amateurish, and at times ridiculous; he lavishes attention upon dust-wrappers as if they were essential parts of books, and tries to persuade himself that he is accomplishing something. In spite of his hard work, the result is a pathetic waste of energy.

Miss Ruth Elvish Mantz, as much a hero-worshipper in her way as Mr. Cohn, has approached her problem with a serious purpose—the late Katherine Mansfield (who would certainly have been startled by canonization) is destined in Miss Mantz's opinion to be the subject of future literary study, and therefore she (Miss Mantz) has tried to gather together, under the inescapable eye of John Middleton Murry, all the available material connected with Miss Mansfield. Statistical footnotes fill her pages; she has compiled tables of every imaginable sort, and has included in a special appendix whatever Miss Mansfield wrote about her own work and about her aims as a literary artist. The bibliographical descriptions seem, as a result, to be rather incidental: Engli[illegible] editions are treated fully, but Americ[illegible] ones are only mentioned. However, [illegible] reader knows exactly where each st[illegible] appeared for the first time, and what u[illegible]mately became of it. Literary students may be able to profit by such information, but for each literary student, there will always be several cataloguers and collectors who may justifiably consider it on a level with lists of books approved by Mr. Merle Johnson and a Book Selection Committee of the American Library Association, interesting but useless. Miss Mantz's book is a monument to her industry and her conscientiousness, even though it may seem occasionally to lack discrimination.

Mr. Edward D. McDonald's "Supplement (1925-1930)" to his previous bibliography of D. H. Lawrence is a simple, rather straightforward book that will undoubtedly be most useful. Mr. McDonald does not permit his feeling for Lawrence to interfere with his duty as a bibliographer; his descriptions and explanations are unusually good, and his personal opinions are not forced dogmatically upon his readers. While his book makes no attempt to be impressive, it is an excellent example of what a properly trained individual can do with a modern writer whose works are still comparatively easy to find.

With Mr. James T. Babb's "Bibliography of the Writings of William McFee," another element of modern bibliography appears, the idea of inducing a living author to write autobiographical introductions for each of his books. Mr. A. E. Coppard is, so far, the only other writer who has given such assistance to his bibliographer, but his notes are colorless and dull in comparison with Mr. McFee's. If anyone ever welcomed an opportunity to express his opinions of publishers, critics, and the public in general, it is William McFee—freed from the necessity of trying to please anyone but himself, he displays such transparent enjoyment of the situation that he quite overwhelms Mr. Babb's best efforts by the brilliancy of his writing. This is, of course, the danger—that the more difficult labor will be lost sight of and misjudged. Mr. Babb has worked intelligently and hard; he has met all his problems fairly, and has given a careful and accurate account of his findings. It may be possible for some one to find a few minor mistakes, but there will be no reason in the future to do over again all that Mr. Babb has presented in this book with such clearness and finality.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

F. O. MANN

Like Anthony Trollope's famous series of Barchester novels, F. O. Mann's widely read first novel ALBERT GROPE was begun during journeys across England as a government officer, and likewise Mr. Mann is continuing to write of the characters he created in ALBERT GROPE.

GROPE CARRIES ON

is Mr. Grope's own narrative again, told with complete naturalness in a fine satisfying novel. Anyone who reads how, in the absence of his wife, Grope turns for comfort to a younger woman—and the sequel to that friendly if improper gesture—will probably agree with the N. Y. *Post's* comment on the story's "distinct flavor and quality" and "the living insistence of the characterizations that make GROPE CARRIES ON an unusual book."

Just out, $2.00

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY
383 Madison Avenue, New York

A word or two about a few of the new and worth while books—

Candelabra
by John Galsworthy

Eighteen essays and addresses, the latter including those that charmed so many hearers on the author's last American tour. 311 pages $2.00

True North
by Elliott Merrick

A swell narrative of life in Labrador. Honest, buoyant exciting, humorous, full of fine descriptive passages, vivid characterizations of the hearty Labradorians—if that's what you call them—and the grandeur of the North 362 pages $2.15

Beauregard: The Great Creole
by Hamilton Basso

The first modern biography of the Confederate leader who was idolized by the South, feared by the North—and hated by Jefferson Davis. 333 pages of grand reading for $3.50

Charles Scribner's Sons

A Letter from Italy

By IRENE DI ROBILANT

THE Fascist Exhibition, with its striking posters and plastic symbolism has set aside a room for books on fascism and its corollaries as well as biographies and studies concerning Mussolini. The collection consisting of about 3,000 volumes includes translations into many languages of standard works as well as studies and essays contributed by foreign observers. America is widely represented with contributions ranging from Professor Schneider's excellent "Fascist State" to general Sherrill's "Bismarck and Mussolini."

While fascism is second only to Bolshevism in the number of publications concerning it, the present exhibit has suffered from a hurried and somewhat casual arrangement, making it a less representative contribution than might have been expected, and in any way far less useful to students than the in quarto catalogue just issued by the Italian Chamber of Deputies listing all the works on fascism owned by the parliamentary library. ("Opere sul Fascismo possedute dalla Biblioteca della Camera dei Deputtati al 28 Ottobre 1932.") The large volume consisting of 392 pages is divided into three classified indexes: a general authors list, a list of works of fascism, and one of writings on and by Mussolini. Pamphlets and a number of magazine articles are included, while a note refers to the principal newspapers and periodicals owned by the party or its leaders. The writings of Italian exiles and liberals as well as of foreign critics are listed as available in the parliamentary library. The book has been privately distributed on request to senators and deputies while a copy has been sent to every larger public library. It will be offered for sale as soon as the official orders are filled.

Among the large number of books published during the year (1932) surveying the various aspects and achievements of the Fascist experiment, only two seem to possess enduring value and be deserving of particular notice: "L'Italia d'Oggi," by Mario Missiroli (Bologna: Zanichelli), and "Il Conflitto Dopo la Conciliazione," by Vincenzo Morello (Milan: Bompiani). Mussolini himself has made a valuable contribution by writing the article on Fascism (Theory, political and social) for volume XIV of the Italian Encyclopedia. The name of Mario Missiroli evokes the remembrance of epoch making newspaper articles in pre-war days as well as in the tempestuous pre-fascist years. The authors controversical books on a "Socialistic Monarchy," the "Papacy during the War," the development of political parties, have been endlessly used and quoted, while he himself is still the much discussed exponent of a varied and somewhat pathetic literary career. Missiroli has served under a number of flags, adjusting himself with eel-like swiftness to new and changing circumstances: he has placed his subtle mind and gifted pen in the service of a variety of causes, little caring if he is constantly taxed with inconsequence and opportunism. In the first case he finds an answer in his consequential love of paradox, while the second charge is dismissed by the evidence that while he may have been useful to different causes he has never succeeded in benefiting himself. He is today as much of an outcast as he was yesterday, remembered only because he possesses dialectical and literary capacities which most official writers lack.

His recent book is typical; it displeased the fascist right wing which immediately denounced the former socialist, it was considered too conservative by the party's left who recalled the author's sympathy with the early Catholic movement. Incidentally it was found most satisfactory by Mr. Mussolini.

According to Missiroli the remnants of pre-war bourgeois Italy need have no illusions. The conservative element was very much mistaken when it looked upon fascism as a political safeguard for its selfish interests. The "corporate state" has brought absolute equality between capital and labor, favoring the latter on account of its numbers; the novel redistribution of wealth which is taking place, will sweep away the privileges which the former ruling class has not been able to defend, and has failed to exploit in the interest of all. The only danger which the author sees for fascism is stagnancy; its ranks must swell and be subject to constant renewal, its work is at present far more social than political and as such must be built on a broadening basis. The publication of the book incidentally coincides with recent utterings of the premier and an active membership campaign all of which tend to increase party registration. The second book concerns solely one aspect of fascist rule, that is the relations between church and state since the signing of the Lateran Treaties. The name of the author is well known, the controversial character of the subject and the outspoken criticism, which in some pages could be described as an indictment, have sufficed to make the book a sensation and a best seller in the non-fiction field. Vincenzo Morello, who is especially known by his pseudonym Rastignac, attained celebrity as a criminal lawyer and orator when still comparatively a young man. He then turned from the courts to the press, was for many years editor of the liberal (conservative) Roman daily *La Tribuna:* he is now a senator of the Kingdom of Italy and still an active and successful publicist. The book analyzed the divergences which followed upon the signing of the treaties and which ended in the diplomatic break of 1931 followed by the "patching up" of the various differences to the apparent satisfaction of both parties concerned. The apparent cordiality of existing relations finds no favor in Senator Morello's eyes. He is willing to admit that the treaty, which created the Vatican City and put an end to the Roman question, is historically commendable, but after having dissected the various articles of the Concordat which accompanied the treaty, the author reaches the conclusion that it represents an "infringement upon the spiritual and juridical patrimony of the nation which sooner or later will have to be rejected." Although Senator Morello has openly professed fascist sympathies he is unsparing in his judgment of fascist legislators and statesmen to whom he attributed the authorship of the Concordat. Mussolini's speeches are quoted as evidence of the leaders good faith and his willingness to withdraw his promise should the consequences endanger the sovereignty of the state; in any way the author believes that many concessions were due to the great generosity of a single man and that his gift is in no way binding in what concerns the Italian people as a whole.

While everyone expected the book to be withdrawn from circulation soon after its appearance, it is successfully running through its second large printing, is even offered for sale on newsstands, while all newspapers thought it better to omit reviewing it. It was also ignored by the official Vatican press, but an open letter in answer by Msg. Luigi Cornaggia is being circulated in pamphlet form. Although the argumentation is amazingly weak it bears evidence of being an authorized statement.

That Mussolini is no convert to orthodox Catholicism was confirmed by his conversations with Emil Ludwig as they appeared in the first Italian edition (the second has been revised) and is once more evident in his contribution to the Italian Encyclopedia. For the convenience of students a neat reprint of the article on Fascism has been issued by Treves-Treccani-Tumminelli, Rome, and is selling at the moderate price of five liras. Professor Gioachino Volpe has written the historical outline, while Mussolini describes the fundamental ideas governing fascism, and in a second part the political and social doctrine. The super state endowed with ethical values of Hegelian derivation with the somewhat vague definitions furnished by Gentile's philosophical school, all lead to the often repeated assertion that the individual has no life outside of the state of which he is a component part, and that his liberty of thought and action are forcibly limited and directed by the necessities and aspirations of the state itself. In the second and somewhat autobiographical part of his article the author traces a vivid picture of the development of fascist theories and displays his journalistic talent in the heated argument concerning liberalism obviously directed against Benedetto Croce and his "religion of liberty" which, according to Mussolini, flourished just around fifteen short years then to be superseded by authority and the will for power of which Germany was the leading exponent.

WE RECOMMEND
These Outstanding New Books

A PSYCHOLOGICAL APPROACH TO LITERARY CRITICISM
By *Norman R. F. Maier* and *H. Willard Reninger.* This important and stimulating book presents a new body of critical principles for the evaluation of literature, derived from the Gestalt school and aiming to bring order out of the present chaos. $2.00

THE STRANGER ON THE ISLAND
By *Brand Whitlock.* Based on fact, this vivid novel of the Northwest of the 1850's tells of the strange adventures that befall a French rover and hunter, who seeks refuge on Beaver Island, where "King" Gorel rules over a curious polygamous religious sect. $2.00

WORLD DRAMA: AN ANTHOLOGY
Edited by Barrett H. Clark. The first panoramic view of the dramatic achievement of the world from the earliest days to the beginnings of contemporary drama. The plays are presented *complete* and have been chosen to adequately represent all the great dramatists down to Ibsen, including the Orientals. Two volumes. *Each* $5.00

MASTERPIECES of the RUSSIAN DRAMA
Edited by George R. Noyes. "This is not only an important and interesting work," says Barrett H. Clark, "but the only single volume in existence that will give readers of English a comprehensive and first-hand view of the masterpieces of Russian drama." $7.50

New APPLETON Biographies

MARK TWAIN
By *Stephen Leacock.* "A model brief biography of a man of letters. Mr. Leacock is lucid, extremely sensible, and notable for the way in which he values Mark Twain as a humorist without feeling obliged to prove him also a philosopher and a prophet."—*Carl Van Doren in N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.00

SOCRATES
By *A. E. Taylor.* The biographer is well known as a lecturer and author, and is the greatest living Platonic scholar. He has here written an admirable interpretative work on the life and philosophy of Socrates. $2.00

These are Appleton Books

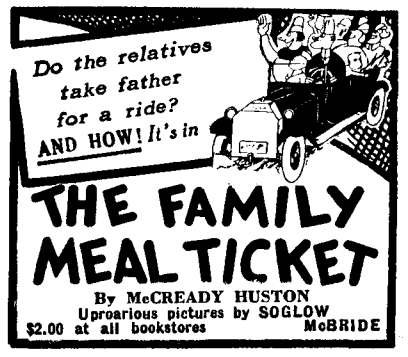
NOTE: To those interested, we will send on request, regularly and free of charge, our BOOK SERVICE MAGAZINE containing timely information as to books and authors.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
35 West 32nd Street, New York City

The CROWNING of TECHNOCRACY
By
LARDNER & SUGRUE
Pictures by Mear Lucke

Learn how to distinguish between eggs and ergs, energy dollars and animated pretzels. Here's a book that tells you how. One reading will make you a Technocrat of the Breakfast Table. *"Eureka! Here is nature in the raw!"*—ARCHIMEDES. *"Strikes at the Hart of the Schaffner system."*—KARL MARX. Price one energy dollar.

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & CO., NEW YORK


Do the relatives take father for a ride?
AND HOW! It's in
THE FAMILY MEAL TICKET
By McCREADY HUSTON
Uproarious pictures by SOGLOW
$2.00 at all bookstores
McBRIDE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Belles Lettres

A PHILOSOPHY OF SOLITUDE. By JOHN COWPER POWYS. Simon & Schuster. 1932. $2.

Mr. Powys's "Wolf Solent" was a remarkable novel because it created characters, not because it dealt with sex obsessions. A sex obsession is as conventional to a twentieth century novel as a sweet young thing and marriage bells to its predecessor, but when a twentieth century novel is rich in characters it is a notable phenomenon. The nineteenth century novelists, even the ordinary ones, turned out swarms of more or less definite and objectively visible personalities. It was as natural to them as pot hats and propriety, hoop skirts and hassocks. The twentieth century novelist seldom does, or as it were, in the interstices of what probably seem to him more important matters. A suspicion results from the above that Mr. Powys is inherently a Victorian with post-war additions. There is a certain incongruity in this juxtaposition of warring periods. The suspicion is confirmed by his other writings. A style that seems intended to go with the praise of "whatsoever things are lovely and of good report" harmonizes beautifully with meditations on "Culture," on "Solitude," on communing with poetry and nature; but as applied to "The Defense of Sensuality" there is, as was said, a certain incongruity. One expects Mr. Aldous Huxley to smash china and is disappointed if he does not; but when Mr. Powys kicks the old fashioned pottery around instead of handling it with delicate, discriminating fingers, one experiences some surprise and some suspicion that the action represents an acquired conviction rather than any complete distaste for ceramics. His world of gentle contemplation and his world of social horrors do not seem to be the same worlds. "A Philosophy of Solitude" is not a progressive argument; it is more of a notebook, a miscellany written connectively, written with charm and finish and felicity, on a truth that is perennially true, and has been variously stated these twenty-five hundred years. But it is particularly appropriate at times like the present when people are beginning to feel, more than perhaps they have been, "fed up" with crowds, noises, and worries.

WHAT THE AUTHOR MEANT. By *George F. Ross*. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

AN INTRODUCTION TO ROBINSON JEFFERS. By *Lawrence Clark Powell*. Dijon: Bernigaud & Privat.

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL. By *I. J. Semper*. New York: O'Toole. $2.

THE BRONTËS AND OTHER ESSAYS. By *G. F. Braadby*. Oxford University Press. $1.50.

LITERARY SESSIONS. By *Eric Partridge*. London: Scholastis Press.

PHILOSOPHY AND POETRY. By *George Boas*. Norton, Mass.: Wheaton College. 75 cents.

Fiction

FANNY PENQUITE. By EDITH SAUNDERS. Oxford University Press. 1933. $1.75.

On a hot still day of August, 1892, Fanny Penquite, on the threshold of womanhood, walked slowly through the little town by the sea. The houses stood out in fresh colors, the neighbors in bright clothes moved through the streets or looked out of their windows, all life was crystalized in a suspension of bright light. Anna de Lacy was riding her horse, William Tremeer leered out of his doorway at the bad girl, Susan Lomard, the figurehead in old Solomon's garden still faced the sea, voluptuous and lovely. Fanny wandered on toward home, stopped to gaze with fascination at the roof of William Tremeer's house and the young squire, riding on his wild horse in pursuit of Miss de Lacy, trampled her and killed her body.

In her grave in the churchyard Fanny lay one hundred years until the Trumpet sounded, then, with her ancestors, with her neighbors, she rose for Judgment. From the housetop the Recording Angel announced her sins—she had stolen apples from kind Mrs. Metherell's orchard. But as kind Mrs. Metherell pardoned her then and there, she passed into an antiseptic heaven, where she had the satisfaction of seeing her good parents and grandparents, two of the three sisters who had died seventy years before her, the good neighbors, but not the bad Susan Lomard, the bad William Tremeer. They were with the Lost. But Anna de Lacy was there, joined in eternity with the good young squire, and so was the figurehead from old Solomon's garden, who was sent for punishment, and wandered amid the bright undesired fruits, over the brilliant grass where the Saved were kissing each other chastely on the brow and strumming instruments. She had a bewildered expression on her painted face.

ONE AGAINST THE EARTH. By DANIEL MAINWARING. Long & Smith. 1933. $2.

Eugene Hamus's father had the *Wanderlust*, so it was only natural that his son should have found all places sweet but the place he called his home. Sweetest of all were those secret places of the mind, those will-o'-the-wisps of the creative imagination: truth, beauty. Imbued with good instincts, following with integrity and honesty the only way that lay before him, young Eugene still brought destruction on his innocent shoulders in the form of a lynching party; for there was no harm in him.

Throughout this story, which in many of its details bears a close resemblance to "An American Tragedy," the reader will find gratifying instances of a genuine talent at work, still immature, occasionally carried away with itself, frequently lush, sentimental, self-conscious, and awkward. But what Mr. Mainwaring loses through inexperience of the craft, through giving too loose a rein to the rushing demon, he more than compensates for by an authentic sense of narrative, and a sensitivity to natural beauty that expresses itself in diction not consistently poetic, but sufficiently so to furnish an earnest of his capacities.

Eugene Hamus was no Clyde Griffiths, and his destruction was the product of an active participation in life, not a passive acceptance of forces greater than himself. As such, he is a more sympathetic character than Dreiser's; he has the frothing yeast of life in him. Following always his particular vision, he fled his wife directly after the ceremony that had trapped him, he wandered to the city, worked as a reporter, drove an evangelist's car about the country painting Come-to-Jesus signs on rocks and barns, he harbored a girl he pitied and was indirectly responsible for her suicide. Acquitted, he returned to the farm, to direct contact with the things he felt most and understood best, but he had mocked the ironical gods too long, prejudice overtook him there, and rather than alleviate it, he defied it. At this point the author stacks the cards against his hero, and introducing a new character when the book is nine-tenth run, compasses his ultimate doom through the cumulative effect of bigotry and mistaken identity.

This is a serious flaw; the ancient device creaks. Yet up to this point, the flow of the narrative possesses a beautiful inevitability, and a feeling for life pervades the entire story. The author's faults are those of inexperience: occasional banality of phrase, occasional naiveté of ideology, poor discretion. He will ultimately be able to externalize the emotion that is latent in this very imperfect book.

BELINDA GROVE. By HELEN ASHTON. Doubleday, Doran. 1933. $2.50.

"Belinda Grove" is a house, a stately Regency mansion built in 1815 in what was then a remote suburb of London. As the town encroaches on it, it steadily comes down in the world; its classic simplicity is first debauched by Victorian additions, then cut up into separate flats, remodeled again as a film studio, and finally demolished. We follow its fortunes through a series of episodes occurring at the different stages of its history; some of them are related to each other, presenting the same characters after a long interval, but most of them are not; again, some of these incidents are connected by the appearance of a ghost, that of a man murdered there when the house was new, who occasionally helps its later inhabitants out of a difficulty. But the ghost does not appear in all the chapters (and since it is the way of a *deus ex machina* to help the characters but harm the plot, the scenes without him are on the whole the better for it); in general, these separate narratives are bound together only by the house, which alters so much that it is not a strong link.

And the different chapters, with one or two exceptions, could hardly stand alone as stories. "Belinda Grove" will be read neither for the stories nor for the actors,

(*Continued on page* 456)

The Viking Galley

ONE OF FIVE young American authors, called by Harry Hansen "1932's most promising," was Erskine Caldwell. Since that judgment, GOD'S LITTLE ACRE has been published. The enthusiastic comments of Alexander Woollcott, Powys (John Cowper) Marc Connelly, F.P.A., would seem to indicate that the promise has been fulfilled (2nd printing a week after publication). ($2.50) **IMPORTANT ITEM** for D. H. Lawrence fans is THE LOVELY LADY, last fiction from his pen. Seven short stories (one of them The Rocking Horse Winner) have been quickly recognized as in his finest tradition. ($2.00) **YOUNG RELATIONS** of Lytton Strachey have been doing some remarkably fine writing. His niece Julia Strachey, for instance: England's excitement over her novelette, CHEERFUL WEATHER FOR THE WEDDING is now augmented by local predictions for a brilliant career in subtle satire. ($1.50) **ALL DEFERENCE** to The Saturday Review which calls Edith Olivier's MR. CHILVESTER'S DAUGHTERS better than her DWARF'S BLOOD. We have been considering it the equal of that brilliant earlier novel. Like its predecessor it has garnered the enthusiasm of those who write about books and of those who only read them . . . ($2.50). **PERHAPS SINCE BLAKE,** no other Englishman has possessed a genius so original, so unique as that of T. F. Powys. The loyalty of his discriminating audience is once more justified by his current volume, THE TWO THIEVES, comprising three novelettes. ($2.50).

THE VIKING PRESS · NEW YORK

In Canada: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

"A Magnificent Story"

PAGEANT

A Literary Guild Selection
Praised by These Critics—

"It has in it the flavor of JALNA and the sweep of INHERITANCE, which ought to be a first-rate recommendation."
—HARRY HANSEN, *New York World-Telegram*

"It is as full-blooded and gallant a romance as you are likely to come across this season."
—WILLIAM SOSKIN, *New York Evening Post*

"The story moves forward with a majesty and power too often lacking in our modern novels."
—HARRY EMERSON WILDES, *Philadelphia Ledger*

"And a magnificent story it is . . . The Literary Guild has never chosen a finer novel than this."—W. A. MARTIN, *Buffalo News*

"Exuberant in movement, turbulent with action, intimately concerned with the lives of highly individual people . . . a triumph of creative vitality." —JAMES GRAY, *St. Paul Dispatch*

G. B. LANCASTER'S Novel

PAGEANT

CENTURY *415 pp., $2.50* *3rd Printing*

Every reader of the "Saturday Review"

The will find this book as important as the dictionary. Not a volume to read once and put aside, but a reference work for a lifetime of continued use by every serious reader. *The Bookman calls it:* "A useful and pleasant dictionary of names of characters, fictional and real; of books; and of literary societies. It enables one to pin down allusions, dates, exact relationships. It includes the plots of classic fiction, a variety of mythological names. . . ." *866 pages, bound in Buckram.* $4.50

OXFORD COMPANION to ENGLISH LITERATURE

Compiled and Edited by SIR PAUL HARVEY

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, *114 Fifth Avenue, New York*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points of View

Errors There Are

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Of course the excellently entertaining article by Stella Benson some months ago based on the new edition of "Everyman's Encyclopædia," was not intended as a review of that publication. But inasmuch as such an article implies at least some recommendations it seems that certain further comments should be made for the benefit of your readers.

This "Revised Edition" is peppered with errors, ranging from comparatively unimportant misprints to substantial mistakes and positive mis-statements. I subjoin a few examples, picked more or less at random.

Our good friend Josephine Daskam appears under the disguise of Josephine Daskam *Baker*—under *Baker* in due alphabetical order.

If one were curious as to the École des Beaux-Arts he would read that—

"Beaux-Arts, Institute of Design (is) an American school of fine arts situated in New York, and modeled after the Analogous Society in Paris." And that is all he could learn. . . . There is something delightful about the capitals of the "Analogous Society."

Howlers such as these are not mere accidents or slips in proof reading. They show the lack of intelligent editing.

Incorrect dates are frequent. Under Aargau, the date of the Sonderbund (misspelled as Sunderbund) is given as 1841 instead of the correct 1847. The eruption of Bandai San in Japan is given as of 1889, whereas it happened on July 15, 1888. Ferdinand Bebel is recorded to have died in 1914, whereas he died August 13, 1913. And similar errors could be shown—plentifully. A few might be passed as proof errors, but they are too many for that excuse—if it *is* any excuse in a reference book.

Lake Balkash is stated to be "150 miles" long—whereas it is from 316 to 440 miles (according to the method of measuring its curves).

Nor are the frequent mis-spellings mere typographicals. They are sometimes badly misleading to the uninformed student. *Viola di bordone* becomes *bardone;* the Italian *da* becomes *di* in *basso da camera* —examples could be multiplied especially as to foreign words. Moreover when *Barabra* (Nubian) becomes Berabra it is taking on a disguise, which is complicated in this case by the allegation that it refers to a "people"—as if a tribe—whereas the word is merely a corruption of "barbarian" and is a general designation.

Substantive mistakes such as the illiterate etymology of belfry (which has, of course no connection with "bell") are not rare. Some are inheritances from the good old "Chambers" which seem to have been the foundation of the original "Everyman's,"—errors long since corrected in well made books. One could go on, indefinitely.

Something might also be said on the score of omissions, though that is a more difficult matter, as judgment might differ as to the values. But there is an abundance of entirely useless obsolete matter (from the standpoint of most buyers) most of it lifted from the venerable Chambers, and—for example—there is no entry of such up-to-date matter as the "Basket-makers," or such archæological commonplaces as the "beaker folk," or "*Bügelkanne*"—to note, at random, items I looked for and did not find: items that the purchaser of any up-to-date reference book is entitled to ask for.

The advertisement, on the back cover of Vol. 1, claims that this "is a complete American biographical dictionary," and, also, "a complete gazetteer of the United States." To illustrate:

Under *Angell,* the only entry is of George T., the philanthropist. Neither James Rowland Angell, President of Yale, Judge A. C. Angell, nor their very eminent father, the late James B. Angell, can be found here. Incidentally Sir Norman Angell is also missing.

Judge Ebenezer Hoar, and his father, Samuel, are entered, but Senator George F. Hoar is not among those present.

Adams, Franklin P., is in; but Heywood Broun is not; neither is Don Marquis. Stephen Benét appears, but not William R. And Sherwood Anderson is not noticed. Neither is Norman Hapgood, nor Professor Henry A. Beers, nor Judge Gaynor, nor Anna Branch. . . . As a biographical dictionary this suggests something short of "completeness." It is hardly necessary to note that as a gazet-eer of the United States no such encyclopædia could possibly approach "completeness." As the first example of an omission that occurs to me, Agawam, Mass. is not in—a town of considerable historic importance, with something well over 7,000 inhabitants—also a town to which literary references are not uncommon. Belmar, N. J. is missing.

The article "Boghaz Keui" makes no mention of the Hittites. One might suppose interest in the place to be exclusively Persian! This, it is true, is remedied in the article "Hittites," somewhat confusedly. But any seeker after information who started with only the place name as a clew would never discover any connection with the Hittite Empire.

The "Bogomils" appear, unaccountably, as "Bogomili" and it is asserted that they are "first mentioned in 1115," whereas there are probable traces of them in the ninth century and they certainly are in evidence at about 1,000. Also unaccountably, their "Satanaël" appears as "Satanæl" (diphthong æ). This, of course, is a very obscure and difficult topic, but recourse to such authority as Hastings's Encyclopædia might have aided the editing.

It might be called captious to criticize such entries as that on "Agathodæmon" which simply repeat common errors; the Britannica entry is little better, repeating the notion of a "good spirit attendant particularly upon cornfields and vineyards," with a reference to Aristophanes, as if that covered the subject. But such an entry betrays lack of up-to-date scholarship.

I am moved to wonder a little—though reasons are perhaps not hard to guess—why practically all books of reference in English are so inferior in accuracy to the German and French. For the past seven years a large part of my work has been such as to require constant use of nearly all modern encyclopædias and dictionaries —with frequent recourse to "original sources" wherever need arose—trusting none of them without all possible verification. And the English and American books—including the Fourteenth Brittannica—make a very poor showing in contrast with Meyer, Brockhaus, and the new edition of Larousse (or, for that matter, the old Larousse). I have happened upon a few slips—chiefly typographical—in the German encyclopædias but not one in Larousse—though, of course, the Larousse is not so comprehensive as the others.

There are, of course, very many wholly admirable features in Everyman's Encyclopædia, and it contains a great deal of excellent new material. But it is certainly open to the charge of slipshod proof reading and some very loose editing. In fairness it should perhaps be added that many other encyclopædias and reference books in English are not without sin.

H. L. PANGBORN.

Springfield, Mass.

Help Wanted

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: I am most appreciative for the aid that I have received as the result of my various announcements that have appeared in your columns. The Jack London Bibliography received considerable help from several of your readers; their names will appear in the preface to the book to be published by the Huntington Press. The Sinclair Lewis Bibliography, recently issued by Doubleday, Doran with the Carl Van Doren essay, the Notebook of Stephen Crane to be a Spring publication of the Huntington Press, were all aided by your medium.

I am now at work on bibliographies of the writings of Willa Cather and Ellen Glasgow. The work will be completed under the supervision of the authors. It will be of interest to collectors to know that there are many "points" on the first editions of these two authors, hitherto unrevealed. I should appreciate coöperation from collectors and students. Also, there are several volumes of Miss Cather's books in vellum. Many I cannot locate for description. I should like the opportunity to inspect a complete set.

I have recently arranged with Mrs. Joseph Conrad's literary agents for the rights to many of Conrad's letters to Stephen Crane. However in my stack of Crane's replies I find many gaps; it is quite likely that they are in American collections. I should like copies of the letters for inclusion. Full credit will be given to the owners of the originals. It is to be remembered that as literary manager of Crane's estate all publication arrangements of new material are handled through me. Publication rights to letters are owned by the author's estate.

HARVEY TAYLOR.

59 West 46th Street, New York City.

Recent Poetry

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: In his "Letter to Poets" in your issue of October 29th Mr. Louis Untermeyer delivers a sort of epilogue—or, if you will, epitaph—upon the performance of American poetry in the generation to which he belongs. It is in substance a frank and full recantation of faith. He apologizes in sackcloth for the show. American poetry during the past thirty years turned from the enthusiasm and tenderness enjoined by Wordsworth to a spirit of tired disillusionment. Worse still, it turned from its function of interpreting humanity in general to the exploitation of a self that "sat in a room alone at night with the blinds down." Instead of true creation there was only strained experiment. Mr. Untermeyer concludes with an adjuration to the new poets to do otherwise and to reaffirm the dignity of man.

As an active writer and editor of verse in the generation for which Mr. Untermeyer has spoken, I have read his words with deepest interest. His present statement of principles is that which I many times expressed as editor of the magazine *Contemporary Verse* from 1917 to 1926. May I, however, venture the opinion that in speaking of the failure of the past generation Mr. Untermeyer is rather the representative of the left wing than of American poetry as a whole? Even in Mr. Untermeyer's own work I could cite examples of fine affirmation, such as his poem "The American," in the first "Contemporary Verse Anthology."

I may possibly be prejudiced on the other side but my own impression of the past thirty years is one in the main of a broad and healthy vitality. The theoretical idealism of the Victorians had indeed been modified, but the influence of Wordsworth and Browning was still strong in the work of Edwin Arlington Robinson and Robert Frost. The "beauty craze," of which Walt Whitman complained, was superseded by a firmer grasp of actuality, both outward and inward, but enthusiasm and tenderness were there. I think of Vachel Lindsay, of Herman Hagedorn, John Hall Wheelock, the two Benéts, Leonora Speyer, of Ezra Pound's "Ballad of Gloom," and Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Renascence." There was a new beauty in much of the "Spoon River Anthology." It is worth noting that what of it seems most likely to survive is not the scandal part but such pieces as "Ann Rutledge" and "Hannah Armstrong."

It is true that there were many egocentric neophytes, much heralded by the cliques, who sprang up in the morning only to wither in the heat of the day. Paradoxically, the radical is often without roots. But it is likewise true that there were an unusual number of poets who were popular in the best sense of the word. I am thinking of T. A. Daly's admirable lyrics in Italian dialect; of Badger Clark, the Kipling of the cowboys; of Glenn Ward Dresbach and John G. Neihardt in the West, of Olive Tilford Dargan and DuBose Heyward in the South, of John V. A. Weaver in New York. There is a good earthiness about all of these; Walt Whitman would have approved of them. Last but not least there is Carl Sandburg, steeped in American folk tradition for all his surface appearance of modernism, a poet as tender in his own grim way as Longfellow or Whittier.

Besides these well-known names I could mention scores of other poets, mostly living in small towns, who have written humanly and beautifully without either affectation or sentimentality. It is a pleasure to look them over, to find how true they still ring, how direct is their phrasing, how firm is their technique. I cannot, therefore, agree with Mr. Untermeyer that the past thirty years of our poetry have been characterized by tired disillusionment. There has been much of it in the volumes most talked about among the cliques at any given moment but the prevalent quality of the period as a whole has, I believe, been that of the chastened yet heightened joy which comes of meeting life as it is and finding it still worth living.

CHARLES WHARTON STORK.

Chestnut Hill, Pa.

Price Of Books

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: In Dr. Canby's editorial on The Price of Books some time ago he stated that the publishers' discount to booksellers is about 40%. Since booksellers for many years have been working in vain for a flat 40% discount and have had to be content instead with one approximating 38%, if that, this error on Dr. Canby's part calls for prompt and prominent correction. With the other figures furnished him by publishers he was probably given 42% as their *average* discount, but this takes into consideration jobbers and book clubs as well as retail booksellers.

It is, of course, the bookseller who has continually to explain to the public, whom the publisher never sees, why books cost as much as they do. While he realizes the publishing difficulties Dr. Canby has set forth he knows also and must get over to the book-buyer his own difficulties—a discount of about 38% out of which, unless he operates in New York, must come the heavy cost of transportation, since Chicago, Colorado Springs, and San Francisco sell books for exactly what New York sells them for; and of infinitely greater moment the fact that he has to buy practically every new book he orders without having any personal knowledge that it is a good book. A previously successful author may write and get published an inferior book. In this case the bookseller is the one really to take the rap. He buys in advance of publication more than he can conscientiously sell and the copies that remain must be sold for a song if at all. In the case of new authors he is asked to coöperate by at least representing the book, again without knowing whether it has real merit and far too often finding that it has not. He takes from the publisher a very considerable part of the initial publishing risk and the discount given him is not adequate to justify taking any part of that risk. A buyer in another field makes mistakes, of course, but they are his own mistakes and he often profits by them in the long run. A bookseller, in addition to bearing the burden of his own errors of judgment must also carry that of the publishers, and in the very nature of the business he must continue to do this so long as the ancient and honorable profession of bookselling endures. But unless better discounts are possible for the bookseller and unless publishers can succeed in reducing substantially the present wastage, which Dr. Canby points out is altogether too high, the ancient and honorable profession of bookselling *can* no longer endure.

RUTH A. SILLIMAN.

Colorado Springs.

Chiversiana Wanted

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: In collaboration with Professor S. Foster Damon, I am preparing a "Life and Works of Thomas Holley Chivers" (1809?-1858) to be issued as a publication of the Harris Collection of American Poetry and Plays at Brown University. It is to be in four volumes: Manuscripts, Contributions to Magazines and Newspapers, Books, and Biography. Information in regard to Chivers or Chiversiana will be much appreciated and duly acknowledged.

LEWIS CHASE.

Brown University, Providence, R. I.

O'Neill Bibliography

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: I am compiling a bibliography of magazine and newspaper articles by and about Eugene O'Neill which have been published within the last twenty-five years. I am especially interested in those published before 1920. It will be appreciated if anyone having information about the above will communicate with me at 708 North Dearborn, Chicago, Ills.

NEWMAN H. BURNETT.

Kentuckiana

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: I am planning to write a book that will deal with the history of Kentucky, and would like to hear from anyone who has any historical material concerning that state. I am especially eager to see old pamphlets or old newspapers or old letters in which historical events or historical personages who were important to Kentucky at any time, were discussed.

EMANIE N. SACHS.

1125 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

B. *R., New York, asks for information on present political conditions in Germany.* Two books have just come from the press; they should be read together. Edgar Ansel Mowrer's "Germany Puts the Clock Back" (Morrow) is none the worse for being journalism; it is being issued simultaneously in Germany, England, and America. The author, chief of the *Chicago Daily News* Bureau in Berlin, tells the story of Germany's revolt against its own republic in nervous, striking sentences, alive with interest. What he says will be endorsed by many on the field, but it will be news to many in other lands. Oswald Garrison Villard's "The German Phœnix" (Smith & Haas) goes much deeper—or rather, starting much further back, it takes off for a broader jump. For a thoughtful, sympathetic, and often saddened report of things as they are, nothing beats it. Less picturesque than Mr. Mowrer's book, it is more comprehensive. The former supplements and explains the newspapers; the latter illuminates contemporary history. It will be especially useful to the student to see where these two books agree and on what points they differ.

Another Good Samaritan, *R. F. Flintermann, Detroit, Mich.*, has sent directions for "Senior Wrangler," so the inquirer from Oakland, California, is doubly supplied; the elaborate instructions are typed that someone else "may get as much pleasure out of the game as I know others have." *P. C. C., Cheshire, Conn.*, asks me to pass on to *B. De V., Lincoln, Mass.*, the name of "The Garden Guide," published by De La Mare and Co, saying he has used it for three years and various friends swear by and on it. It may be noted that the famous De la Mare garden books have been incorporated with those of Dodd, Mead & Co. *E. C. K., Kansas City, Mo.*, has long been looking for a good large-type edition of "El Periquillo Sarniento," by El Pensador Mexicano (J. J. Fernandez Lizardi), which he of course desires in Spanish; he wonders if our "superior of avenues of information" can supply the address of a Spanish, Mexican, or South American publisher of a good edition of this work, which he can find only in one edition, small-type and paper-bound, published in Spain. Do I see help coming along one of these superior avenues?

Irma S. Rombauer, moved by the strong praise of her cook book in these columns, sent in by my *Trevlac, Indiana,* correspondent, sends me a copy to see for myself, and I can testify that *Benj. Wallace Douglass, Hickory Hill, Indiana,* who collects cook books has made no mistake in putting this into a high place in his outfit; it is the cream of thirty years of cooking as an avocation, an anthology of favorite recipes set down in a spirit of appreciation of good food. Meanwhile, noting my romantic feeling for a good cook book—for romance will not perish while cook books, seed catalogues, and books of building plans continue to come out—someone has sent me a most unusual and valuable work, "The National Cook Book," by Sheila Hibben (Harper). This is the only cook book I have seen that deserves to rank as a serious contribution to our social history—though serious is the last word to use for a work whose directions are brisk and whose introduction is sparkling. "As the months of compiling this volume have gone by," says the author, "and I have sent and received hampers of correspondence with people interested in food all over the United States, I have let my spirits rise. I have felt as if I were writing not only a geography of this country, but a social study of its inhabitants, for I have been in communication with people who really believe that how we do things, as much as what we do, is significant—people who still hold that a thing, even an apple pie, must have *style* to be important." Pie? Style? I'll say so. For style in an apple pie means not only looks and taste but that indefinable tang of perfection to be found in certain sections of the Great American Pie Belt. In summer, made out of Early Transparents or Gravensteins, pie is lyric; even in the winter a good Greening can lift the heart. Pie begins on p. 362 and twenty-three states contribute to it; this gives you an idea how Mrs. Hibben goes to work. The meats, the soups, and especially the fish, are enough to make exiles homesick. Yes, it is truly national, and it may keep some dishes from belonging to a "passing America."

"What is the basis," asks H. W. C., Tucson, Arizona, "for Thomas Mann's extensive knowledge of tuberculosis? Did he have it himself, did one of his family ever have it, or has he ever practised medicine? His acquaintance with it is so authentic as to make us wonder."

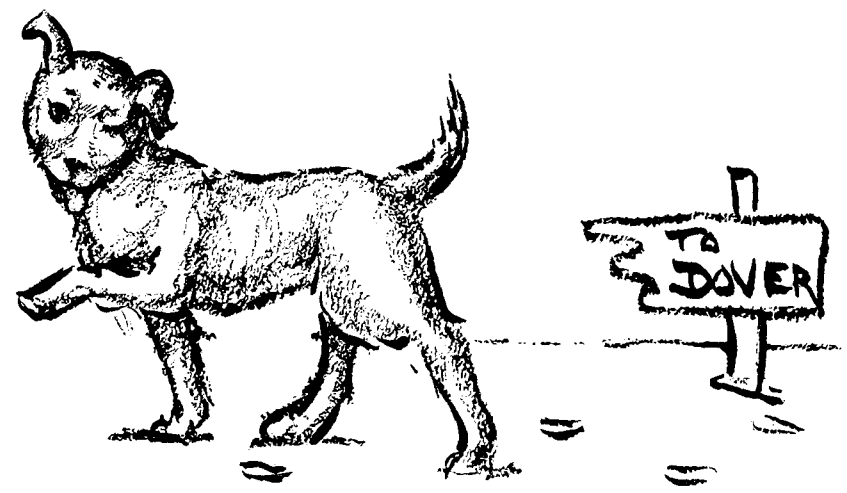
IN 1812 the wife of Thomas Mann was attacked by catarrh of the tip of the lung. "Then, and again in the next year but one," he himself says, "she was obliged to stop for several months in the Alps. In May and June of 1912 I spent three weeks with her in Davos, and accumulated—the word but ill describes the passivitiy of my state— the fantastic impressions out of which the Horselberg idea shaped itself into a short tale." It was to have been a brief "satyr play"; the fascination of death, the triumph of extreme disorder over a life founded upon order and consecrated to it—these were to be reduced in scale and dignity by a humorous treatment." It seemed to him at first as if this would suffice. It always seems to him, he says, as if a book will be easy to bring about, and it never is. "Every working idea of mine presents itself to me in a harmless, simple, practicable light, involving no great effort in the execution." But this simple and harmless book had him "in its power for twelve years," and it was not until 1924 that he brought it finally to completion, a triumph of obstinacy. In these twelve years he had brought to an amazing masterliness the idea of epic prose composition as "a thought-texture woven of different themes, as a musically related complex"—an idea with which he had played in "Tod in Venedig," and one with which contemporary fiction has dallied more than with any other method of literary composition. It is necessary only to examine André Gide's "The Counterfeiters," or Aldous Huxley's "Point Counter Point," in the light of some knowledge of musical architecture, or to recall that James Joyce was a deeply informed musician long before he wrote "Ulysses," to mark the interrelation of the arts in this generation of composers and novelists.

Thomas Mann did not make his first acquaintance with lung disease at Davos; his second sister, Carla, whose suicide in 1912 was one of the crucial tragedies of his life, had been ill in childhood with inflammation of the lungs. But the three weeks, off and on, in the sanitarium in the Alps sufficed for a documentation to whose accuracy other "lungers" than those in Arizona have testified." It may have been because of that very "passivity" of which he speaks that his observation was so sound, searching and comprehensive. It is my own opinion that such "passivity" is the only sound basis for observation, and that a novelist never really gets life by going strenuously after it with a notebook.

C. *L. S., Wallingford, Conn., asks for a recent book, not necessarily fiction, for reading aloud at the meetings of an organization now working for the people of the Southern highlands.* The nonfiction clause makes it possible to include a book every such group should read: "Machine Age in the Hills," by Malcolm Ross (Macmillan). It may hold up the work of the meeting now and again, while these poignant chapters quietly and without special pleading tell their story of how the machine age has "changed hill virtues into industrial vices." It does not leave things there; it looks ahead and shows a chance for the American people to act for assuaging the despair of the hills. But it makes its case by producing cases, and each of them is as telling as a novel.

If a novel is needed, an entertaining one that brings in all manner of picturesque elemental local superstitions is "Three Brothers and Seven Daddies," by Harry Harrison Kroll (Long & Smith). This takes place somewhere in the Southern highlands; if I knew my geography better I could tell where the mountains are whose cheerfully named peaks afford the book's title.

K. *A. F., Minneapolis, Minn., needs books—not more than two—for a stenographer's desk, especially one that outlines the correct use of words sounding alike but with different meanings.* "The Secretary's Guide to Correct Modern Usage," by C. Sylvester Mawson (Crowell), gives succinct advice on spelling, hyphens and divisions, capitals, punctuation, abbreviations, figures and numerals, as well as type-sizes, italics and their use, spacing and indentation, the preparation of manuscripts, and the essentials of correspondence. It is arranged for instant reference. For the second book, "Words Confused and Misused," by Maurice H. Weseen (Crowell), is a useful little desk-book, all the more practical because it does not disdain to deal with mistakes often before corrected.



THE question most often asked this department has never been answered in print. In one form or another it amounts to this: "How on earth do you manage to do so many things and keep your head?"

Asked this face to face, I am wont to reply by quoting my life's motto: "Leg over leg, as the dog went to Dover." This may call for a little explanation. The dog, confronted with the necessity of walking from London to Dover, a considerable distance, was at first daunted, till it dawned on him that by placing one leg in front of the other and repeating the process, he could in time arrive almost anywhere. Quoting this motto in the studio of Cate[illegible] de Leeuw, who made the brilliant illustrations for her sister Adele's Javane[illegible] story "Rika" (Macmillan), she was mov[illegible] to make me the accompanying pictu[illegible], now my priceless possession. No model being on hand, she says he is more heraldic than he needed to be, but what he may lack in anatomy he makes up in spirit. You can see in his eye that he has been caught at the moment when the great liberating thought struck him. His paw is posed for the *pas qui coute.*

I have been told that he is crying Eureka. This is clearly an error. He is making the all-sufficient statement Cur Non? Himself a motto, he has a motto for himself. The two will take one over long rough roads with a mind at ease and an eye cocked for the landscape.

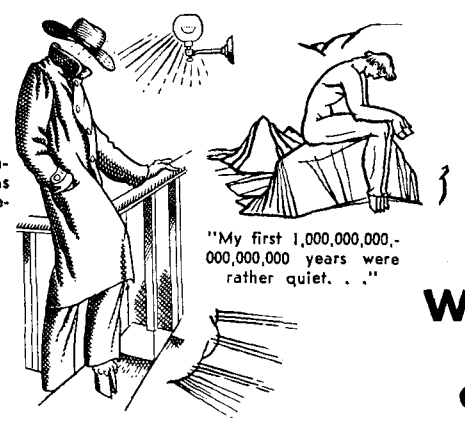
An original copy of William Blake's "Songs of Innocence," with color plates, one of which is the only example in the world, has been presented to the British Museum. The donor is Miss E. J. Carey, and it was given to her great-grandfather by Blake himself.

THE MEMOIRS OF SATAN

The Private Life of the Devil

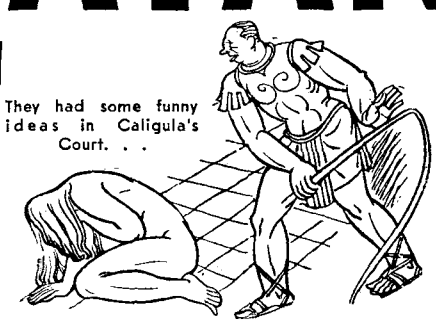
"Helen was an amusing and likeable little beast."

"Eve . . . one of the nicest girls I've ever known. . ."



The odd old gentleman who was writing his life-story.

"My first 1,000,000,000,000,000,000 years were rather quiet. . ."



They had some funny ideas in Caligula's Court. . .

● We doubt whether the season will yield any book more entertaining, more provocative of conversation than this story of how Satan entered into some of the great personalities of history—from Tiberius to Napoleon.

It is a novel fresh in theme, diabolically brilliant in development. It may give you a new idea of wickedness, and an amazing new slant on history. $2.50. Doubleday, Doran.

Collated by

WILLIAM GERHARDI

Author of "The Polyglots"

and BRIAN LUNN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not since Poe

has such sinister brilliance played across the pages of a mystery novel. For thrilling entertainment, don't miss. **THE WHITE COCKATOO**

by Mignon G. Eberhart

Winner of the Scotland Yard Prize

6th Printing . . $2. CRIME CLUB, Inc.

"An ingenius story, rapid-fire narrative, a skilfully contrived plot, a good red-blooded tale."—*Saturday Review of Literature*

DRACULA'S Excitement

. . . is no more blood-curdling than the train of terror which pulses through this most hair-raising mystery of the year—the new novel by the author of *Murder by an Aristocrat.* **THE WHITE COCKATOO**

by Mignon G. Eberhart

Winner of the Scotland Yard Prize

6th Printing . . . $2 CRIME CLUB, Inc.

"Mrs. Eberhart is a skilful delineator of humans: she now proves that she can swing melodramatic events with the wildest of them when she puts her mind on it."—*N. Y. Tribune*

Horrible DR. JEKYLL

. . . could have taken lessons from the ruthless murderer who turned the quiet little French hotel into a terror-ridden shambles, in the year's most satisfying thriller— **THE WHITE COCKATOO**

by Mignon G. Eberhart

Winner of the Scotland Yard Prize

6th Printing . . . $2 CRIME CLUB, Inc.

"Mignon G. Eberhart is just coming into her own. The White Cockatoo is one of our own personal enthusiasms and we are glad to see it making good."—*The Retail Bookseller*

Even Sherlock Holmes

. . . would be baffled by the sinister and blood-curdling mystery of the little French hotel—of the horror that pursued lovely Sue Tally—of the death that struck from darkness. **THE WHITE COCKATOO**

by Mignon G. Eberhart

Winner of the Scotland Yard Prize

6th Printing . . . $2 CRIME CLUB, Inc.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page* 453)

but for the background—the house. Miss Ashton has the gift of designing scenes and costumes charmingly and significantly; the little pageant of the changes from Georgian stateliness through early Victorian romanticism and mid-Victorian solidity to the disintegration of the present, is admirably put on. It seems a pity that a good half of the book is laid this side of 1900, when the glamor of unfamiliarity, which is the greatest appeal of the book, is necessarily not so strong. But even here the author's skill makes the most possible out of her material. This is never an important book, but always a readable one.

MULLINER NIGHTS. By P. G. WODEHOUSE. Doubleday, Doran. 1933. $2.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, Proverbs, 17, 22," murmured the Reverend Augustine as a benediction at the end of this collection of Mr. Mulliner's reports of the strange adventures of his large assortment of nephews. That is why there cannot be too much Wodehouse. He is the best of good medicines. This volume contains nine short stories, all of them well up to Mr. Wodehouse's high standard. If you have read them, or some of them, in their magazine publication it doesn't matter a bit as it is one of his remarkable qualities that his work can stand rereading. Even if the plot is fresh in mind, there is sure to be some unexpected phrase, some subtle touch, that comes to the reader as a freshly happy surprise, something not fully savored in a first reading. Indeed, Mr. Wodehouse perhaps suffers a little from the fate of the humorist who runs into broad farce upon occasion, in that one is apt to underestimate the delicacy and smoothness of his writing in the fine finish of its style. He is a master in the construction of the short story, but perhaps his most amazing gift is his ability to ring the changes upon essentially similar comic situations in such fashion that each one presents something new in an infinite variety.

Education

SET THE CHILDREN FREE. By FRITZ WITTELS, M.D. Translated by EDEN and CEDAR PAUL. Norton. 1933. $2.75.

The promoters of this book claim that it is "for normal parents of normal children" and that it can answer, from the point of view of psychoanalysis, "every normal question" of the modern parent regarding the impulses of children, why they tell lies, how to prevent feelings of inferiority, what to tell children about sex, the uses and abuses of punishment, and the values of the new education. Psychoanalists who wish to reach the average individual would do well to recall the many months of personal analysis preliminary to their own understanding and emotional acceptance of the principles they set forth. Though there is much of worth in Dr. Wittels's book, especially his constant stressing of the need of children for encouragement and wise affection, the lay parent will probably find in it many unprofitable threats to self-confidence (such as the insistence that the smallest acts may have lasting deleterious effect on the development of the child). Possibly such a parent will even be horrified, for Dr. Wittels does not translate his psychoanalytical words and concepts, startling in their ambiguity, into those in common use. He has, as well, taken "extreme cases in illustration of his thesis, for nothing but dramatic effects can impress a modern reader who has a surfeit of sensationalism in his daily paper." Just as one never imagines oneself committing the lurid acts described in the newspaper, so in all probability will the intrepid normal parent who perseveres to the end of this book, preserve his equilibrium by the decision that it can have no possible application to himself. By its very sensationalism, it will fail of its purpose. Moreover, do not most parents need encouragement as much as children? The sense of guilt, with its paralyzing effect on constructive action, is too easily aroused by such books as this one, and unfortunately cannot be dissipated for each individual so disturbed by clarifying discussions of the principles as they actually apply to him.

THE MIDDLE GENERATION. By J. D. BERESFORD. Dutton. 1933. $2.50.

With "The Middle Generation" Mr. Beresford has now completed the second stage in his trilogy. Behind him lies "The Old People," a tidy level plain, where no wind stirred and few birds sang; before him is another unsmiling stretch of country which will presumably be called "The Young People," or something of that kind. Might the reviewer, in his role of unsolicited adviser, beg Mr. Beresford to think again before he attempts that third stage? The family geography of 1910-1930 is already known to us; its fruits have all been devoured by other writers; and it is depressing to think that a novelist of Mr. Beresford's undoubted gifts may come to grief along its barren roads.

"The Old People" had little to recommend it but technical perseverance—there was not much life in it, that is to say, but it was neatly put together. What has happened to the Hillington family since we bade it a tepid farewell there? Old Miles and his wife are out of the picture now; Babs, the daughter, has run off with a farmer; Bob is a rising barrister, with a taste for high society—he is to marry a peer's daughter before the novel ends; Owen, the hero, is a young electrical engineer, apprenticed to a bourgeois uncle. But Owen is only a hero by courtesy. For a while, as an ardent and bewildered young lover, he makes a serious claim on us; but thereafter the mild protagonist is Time, and the story moves under no greater compulsion than that of bringing the Hillingtons to the threshold of yet another book. Owen's one moment of vitality—his touching affair with a shopgirl—is also Mr. Beresford's one moment of real storytelling. The subsequent pages of the novel are filled with a melancholy refrain: *eheu fugaces*—the years are slipping away; the brougham must give place to the automobile, Victoria must die, morals and manners and politics must change, Hillingtons must have children. What are Owen's spiritual conflicts but the merest incidents in this threadbare parade? What is his lifeless second marriage but an excuse for keeping the trilogy alive?

But the Mr. Beresford who entertains us between pages 49 and 130 of "The Middle Generation" is a novelist to be reckoned with. There is a simple and permanent beauty in the young Nellie Wood, a straightforward vigor in Owen's lust: surely the novelist who can get so directly at our emotions need not waste his time with the Hillington fortunes. Already their doom is pronounced: for even the Forsytes were tainted with autumn, and Miss Bentley seems to have used up what little energy there was left in the family saga. Nothing remains for Galsworthy's successors but a wintry rehearsal of the decay of English glory, of the undaunted fertility of English males—two facts which stale with repetition. Before he presents us with a third book, I wish Mr. Beresford would ask himself whether its story has not already been told.

DESIRE: SPANISH VERSION. By EVELYN EATON. Morrow. 1933. $2.

So that no one may be misled by the title of this book, it is perhaps well to state at once that "Desire: Spanish Version" does not have as its theme that desire in Spain is different from desire in Labrador or Costa Rica or Tierra del Fuego or any other habitable land. The title happens to be the title of a movie. The movie was the occasion of the meeting of the hero and heroine of the book, and has something to do also with their reunion. That is the sole connection of the title with the story.

The story is concerned with a violinist and a pretty Polish girl. It is by turns romantic and sordid, and occasionally a little bawdy. The violinist and the girl meet at the Paradore movie studios outside Paris and have an affair. This affair, as presented by the author, is somewhat colored by the surroundings, and is not very pretty.

The most interesting aspect of the book is the picture it gives—quite incidentally—of the activities of a big modern talkie studio. The glimpses we get of what goes on behind the scenes are vivid and seem to be true. We are interested by the complicated mechanics of taking the scenes and the parts played by all the people required to make a strip of film a few feet long. This is surely one of the triumphs of coördination among machines and people.

But as to the novel as a whole, we can scarcely say it is very interesting. The episodes are the standard ones for bohemian novels since Du Maurier. Our chief objection is that they are not very well handled. The author jumps from one to another without sufficient connecting links, and her style is—well, jittery.

SUBLUNARY. By L. E. MARTIN. Dutton. 1933. $2.50.

Miss Martin, a newcomer among British novelists, is to be welcomed as one whose first book is somewhat out of the ordinary. Its surface texture is excellent; it is often felicitous in phrase, colorful in its descriptive passages, and smoothly fluent. In construction it sprawls a little, as it covers two generations, with a glimpse at a third, but it is sufficiently held together, as a unit, by the central character around whom it is built. In its thought, in conception as a view of life, it can hardly be called immature, but it is a curiously limited, narrowly feminine envisagement and, as such, seriously astigmatic. Essentially, it is a study of sex hostilities by a woman who does not adequately understand them, though she has moments of penetrating insight, and the book is of value and unusual interest as a sort of case history. Incidentally, the title remains cryptic, unless it is to be referred to Dryden's observation that "All things sublunary are subject to change."

Miscellaneous

THE ORIENT IN AMERICAN TRANSCENDENTALISM. By *Arthur Christy.* Columbia University Press. $4.

A DICTIONARY OF SPANISH TERMS IN ENGLISH. By *Harold W. Bentley.* Columbia University Press. $3.53.

INFANTS AND CHILDREN. By *Frederic H. Bartlett.* Farrar & Rinehart. $1.50 net.

EVANGELINE ADAMS GUIDE FOR 1933. Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE JEWISH STUDENT IN THE COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES TOWARD HIS RELIGION. By *Marvin Nathan.* Bloch.

NATURE BY NIGHT. By *Arthur L. Thompson.* Ballou. $3.50.

UNDERSTANDING INVESTMENT. By *Allston Cragg.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE FUTURE OF EAST AND WEST. By *Sir Frederick Whyte.* London: Sidgwick & Jackson.

AWAKE. By *Susan Prior.* Ballou. $1.50.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS OF THE NEUROSES. By *Helene Deutsch,* M.D. London: Hogarth Press. $4.

DIOGENES DISCOVERS US. By *John Terence McGovern.* Dial. $3.

PROBATION AND CRIMINAL JUSTICE. By *Sheldon Glueck.* Macmillan. $3.

PERMANENTLY CURING DEPRESSIONS. By *M. H. Reymond.* Baker & Taylor. $2.

BUNKLESS PSYCHOLOGY. By *Herbert Hungerford.* Washington, D. C.: Green Lamp.

GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHILD. Part I. General Considerations. Century. $3.

VOODOOS AND OBEAHS. By *Joseph J. Williams.* Dial. $3.

DUFAY TO SWEELINCK. By *Edna Rickolson Sollitt.* Washburn. $2.

THE TYPEWRITER IN THE PRIMARY AND INTERMEDIATE GRADES. By *Ralph Haefner.* Macmillan.

YUNINI'S STORY OF THE TRAIL OF TEARS. By *Ada Loomis Barry.* London: Fudge.

LE MOT JUSTE. By *J. G. Anderson.* Dutton. $4.50.

FESTIVALS AND SONGS OF ANCIENT CHINA. By *Marcel Granet.* Translated by *E. D. Edwards.* Dutton. $4.90.

INEVITABLE WAR. By *Lieut. Col. Richard Stockton.* New York: The Pereth Co.

PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX. By *Havelock Ellis.* Long & Smith.

LOHENGRIN. Retold by *Angela Diller.* Schirmer. 75 cents net.

PROGRESSIVE SOCIAL ACTION. By *Edward T. Devine.* Macmillan. $1.75.

OUR WONDERLAND OF BUREAUCRACY. By *James M. Beck.* Macmillan. $3.

Pamphlets

GANDHIISM VERSUS SOCIALISM. By *Richard B. Gregg.* Day. 25 cents.

A SHORT STORY AND A POEM. By *Larin-Kyosti.* Mester Groves, Mo. Mark Twain Society. 50 cents.

WASHINGTON'S MAP OF MOUNT VERNON. University of Chicago Press. 25 cents.

Poetry

TOWER WIDOW. By *Mary Owen Lewis.* Mackay. $1.50.

EVERYMAN'S SONG. By *Jonathan Doolittle.* 3 vols. Jersey City. Waat.

THE CHASE POEMS. By *Hasye Cooperman.* Living Art. Bayard Press.

THE PARIS PSALTER AND METERS OF BOETHIUS. Edited by *George Philip Krapp.* Columbia University Press. $4.

THE LONG HILLS. By *Frederic Brush.* Philadelphia: Swain. $2.

EVEN SO COME. By *Arthur D. Ropes.* Boston: Humphries. $2.

THREADS FROM THE WOOF OF LIFE. By *Helen S. Arthur.* Stratford.

THE GOLDEN MEASURE. By *Ernestine Sellier.* New York: Paebar.

THE ENDURING FLAME. New York: Paebar.

MASQUERADE. By *Kathleen Sutton.* New York: Paebar.

THE CHOIR PRACTICE. By *Ellen M. Carroll.* New York: Paebar.

TRANSVALUATIONS. By *J. Redwood Anderson.* Oxford University Press. $2.

SACRED SNOW. By *Ethel McKenzie.* Philadelphia: Roland Swain. $2.

THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Carlyle-Wicksteed Translation. Modern Library. 95 cents.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Travel

ARGENTINE TANGO. By PHILIP GUEDALLA. Harpers. 1933. $3.

The light literature which Mr. Guedalla offers on the subject of South America is very light, indeed, and put with much coquetry.

In a somewhat labored foreword, a Stevensonian pirate, one-eyed, iron hook for a hand, parrot croaking about pieces of eight, and all, hails our author as the latter moves down the quay to join his ship and lugubriously warns him to *Beware of Adjectives*. The sections into which Mr. Guedalla's jottings on Brazil and the Argentine are divided, bear the names—for reasons not apparent in the context—of tango steps. And throughout his observations on the neighboring continent, his main preoccupation appears to be less the subject in hand than his own archness.

Mr. Guedalla went to Brazil and the Argentine to deliver some lectures at the universities and as a sort of elder brother, it would appear, to a party of young English university men going on a somewhat similar mission. He remakes the discoveries made by all North American exchange-professors and the more intelligent sort of travellers for the past generation or so.

His truisms are all very well in their way, or would be, were their comparative banality not heightened in statement by the author's determined sprightliness. They are interspersed by various trivialities of a lecturer's experiences in an unfamiliar land—the South American habit of pinning the title of "Doctor" to every visitor whom the natives wish to honor; the newspaper photographers' flashlights which took away his breath; the brass spittoon to which one of the visiting Cantabridgians accidentally gave a resounding kick just as he was about to be presented solemnly to the Rector of a university; all amusing enough, and suitable for a letter to the folks at home, or even in a book of this sort, if simply and directly put, but inappropriate as the subject of such self-conscious elaboration and euphemistic artifice.

Mr. Guedalla, needless to say, writes with style. The mere technique of these exceedingly superficial impressions is that of the literary virtuoso whose "Wellington," "The Second Empire," "Masters of Men," and half dozen other books have given him a reputation for brilliance. There are flashes of wit here and there, of delicate malice, atmospheric bits delicately and delightfully turned out. But Mr. Guedalla isn't, after all, writing a letter home or merely passing the time of day with some of his undergraduate fellow-travellers. He is venturing—the more so after his complaint that hitherto "the Muses have somehow failed to hold the mirror up to South America"—to present to the general public some more or less pertinent generalizations on a continent and of its greater nations. His manner is engaging, but its content is distressingly thin.

Brief Mention

A useful item in the rapidly growing series of books on Technocracy is Allen Raymond's *What Is Technocracy* (Harper, $1.50), reprinted from the *Herald Tribune* and intended as an unauthorized but readable summary of what it is all supposed to be about * * * The now famous movie, *Girls in Uniform,* was based on a German play *Gestern und Heute,* by Christa Winsloe, which was later adapted in English by Barbara Burnham and is now published by Little, Brown & Co. ($2). * * * Benjamin Constant's famous novelette *Adolph,* supposed to be a veiled autobiography of the period of his stormy love affair with Madame de Stäel, has just been printed in a translation by W. Lalor Barrett (Dial Press, $2). * * * For those who like birds and animals the articles from the last edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica have been reprinted in a single volume with all illustrations (*Mammals and Birds*), Encyclopedia Press * * * Very different naturally is the *Adventures in a Man's World,* by Courtney Borden (Macmillan, $2), really excellent anecdotes of hunting and fishing. * * * Let us note here a series of brief books which the Macmillan Company is importing, published originally by the Cambridge University Press and selling for $1 each. There are two volumes of the *Cambridge Miscellany of Poetry,* brief lives of St. Bernard and St. Francis, George Sturt's *A Small Boy in the 60's,* and T. R. Glover's *Horace.* * * * For special students is a volume of *Seventeenth Century Studies* by members of the Graduate School of Cincinnati, edited by Robert Shafer. Massinger, Ford, and Samuel Butler among the subjects. * * * A useful textbook with bibliographies is *Social Pathology* by J. L. Gillin of the University of Wisconsin, published by the Century Company ($3.75). The book discusses drug addiction, alcoholism, mental disease, illegitimacy, prostitution, etc. * * * Still another brief survey of the world of modern physics has been written by Hans Reichenbach of the University of Berlin, translated and published by the Macmillan Company. It is called *Atom and Cosmos* ($2).

Murder Will Out

By WILLIAM C. WEBER

It is a definite delight to sound the tocsin for a trio of relatively new writers instead of ringing out the criminal activities of the old standbys. *Imprimis,* there is "Burn Witch Burn," by A. Merritt (Liveright, $2). Mr. Merritt is hardly a new name in the domain of death and terror—more than a decade ago he wrote "The Moon Pool," a Rider-Haggardish affair that has not grown old with the passage of years. But "Burn Witch Burn" is without doubt the grisliest piece of writing that has come from his pen and, since "The Moon Pool," the most worthy of a large and terror-stricken audience. A sinister Italian lady is able to endow certain costume dolls she constructs, in a peculiarly horrible manner, with the power of motion. She bends the dolls to her will and, with needle-sharp poniards round their necks, they venture out by night and kill as she bids them. It will chill the blood of the hardiest mystery hound. This reader saw strange little figures scuttling into dark corners the night he read it. Try it yourself—and wake up screaming.

Ethel Lina White flashes across the ken of this reader for the first time with a grand story—"Put Out the Light" (Dial Press, $2). A wealthy spinster, one of the most diabolically fascinating creatures in mystery fiction, holds in practical peonage her three young cousins—two boys and a girl, all penniless, all expecting to get part of the old lady's fortune, all treated like dogs by her, and all hating her in return. There is murder in the air from the first page, and finally the old gal gets what has been coming to her for a long time. The criminal tries to cover her (or his) trail in extraordinarily clever fashion, but a plodding country detective solves the puzzle. Unusually well done, and A-1 entertainment.

They tell me that Erle Stanley Gardiner, who writes "The Case of the Velvet Claws" (Morrow, $2), isn't a newcomer to the lists, but has been a Darling of the Pulps for years. Well, this is his first book-length opus to get into boards—and it is a wow. Perry Mason, hard-boiled criminal lawyer, is retained by a fair lady who for sheer deviltry has most of the Jezebels of fiction backed off the map. But Mason sticks by his client until the last ditch, in spite of warnings from his secretary, who has womanly intuitions and is also a bit jealous. The lady with the velvet claws even tries to shift her husband's murder from her own shoulders to those of Mason—who thereupon makes her, first, confess the crime, and then in a rousing climax shows that she didn't do it—and who did. Much of the story is in dialogue of the crispest sort, with a punch in every sentence, and when there isn't dialogue there is action. Pretty hard to beat, this one.

Crime and humor, as a rule, do not mix. But there is one author who has achieved an almost perfect blend—David Sharp, whose "I, The Criminal" has just been published by Houghton Mifflin & Company ($2). It is another chapter in the adventurous history of that Professor Fielding who, in an earlier story, found a dead man in the street—or on his doorstep—, casually phoned a friend of his about the gruesome discovery, and toddled blithely away to deliver a lecture on philology. Mr. Fielding can be depended upon always for the unexpected and the amusing. In "I, the Criminal" he steals a valuable first edition from the bookshelves of a careless friend, meaning, of course, to return it later and show how easily his friend's treasures could be ravished. But the friend dies before Fielding can confess his crime, and the safe in which the book was hidden is ransacked by a real burglar, and then everything begins to pop at once. The book is exciting, amusing, and well worth reading.

The light touch is also evident in "The Mystery of Mr. Cross," by Clifton Robbins (Appleton, $2). Clay Harrison, one of the suavest detectives in fiction, and his impeccable secretary, Henry, in this

(*Continued on next page*)

THE NEW BOOK BY

BERNARD SHAW

The Adventures of the
BLACK GIRL
IN HER SEARCH FOR
GOD

A typically Shavian combination of wit and deep feeling, hailed as one of the most significant things the author has done. More than 50,000 copies sold in England in three weeks. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection for March. With 20 unusual woodcuts. $1.50

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
449 Fourth Avenue, New York

42 Prize Stories

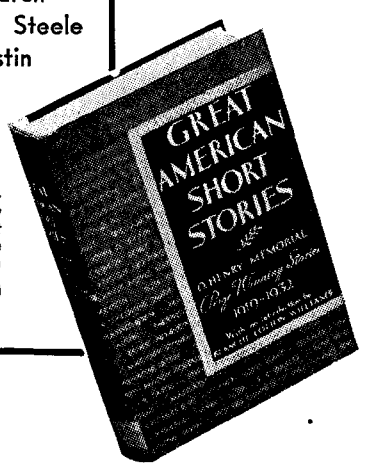
—O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Winners, 1919 to 1932—The "Only Yesterday" of Fiction—a great 784-page volume!

A Few of the Authors Represented—
Ernest Hemingway
William Faulkner
Dorothy Canfield
Stephen Vincent Benét
Kay Boyle
James Gould Cozzens
Booth Tarkington
Katharine Brush
William March
Wilbur Daniel Steele
Mary Austin

An attractive volume handsomely bound—a great value for anyone who is building a library. Only $2.50

If—as William Allen White once suggested—"the Great American Novel" is never written—certainly our short story writers will serve to represent America at her best. Here is the cream of this memorable short fiction in the last decade—a book which will be of great interest to all who follow the short story today—either as readers or as writers.

GREAT AMERICAN SHORT STORIES



With an Introduction by Dr. Blanche Colton Williams. See this volume at any bookstore now—or order direct from the publishers—

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO.
Garden City, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Murder Will Out

(*Continued from preceding page*)

yarn again cross the trail of the lovely but amoral Jeanne de Marplay, who figured in "Dusty Death," an earlier Robbins opus. In the new book she is "Helen Williams," guest of an English county family which lives near a nobleman who is marked for death by the gang of which Miss Williams is a member, and which is headed by the mysterious Mr. Cross—"the man without a face." Mr. Cross and Helen Williams manœuver a murder very nicely, and do their best to remove Mr. Harrison from this mortal scene also, but he and Henry are too much for them.

H. Ashbrook (the name is Harriet and why she should let it go to H. I don't know) has written a new and absorbing adventure of Spike Tracy, the debonair female-proof young detective. This time he runs afoul of a pathological case and a criminal who takes advantage of it. Much action, good dialogue, air-tight construction, and a devilish twist at the very end. Good stuff.

The phlegmatic M. Maigret again comes to the fore in "The Cross Road Murders," by Georges Simenon (Covici-Friede, $2). Few cross roads have seen more dirty work than this particular intersection of the Paris and Lyons highways, not many miles out of the former city. Murder, robbery, dope-smuggling, and other nefarious actions enliven the tale. The story is better than the detective.

Frank H. Shaw writes a seagoing murder story in "Atlantic Murder" (McBride, $2). The narrator is the skipper of a trans-Atlantic liner on which occur a trio of mysterious killings. He is his own detective. The ocean atmosphere is the best part of the piece, which utilizes a lot of murder story "props" that are rather antiquated and, in poorer hands, would make the tale rather dull.

"The Mystery of Vaucluse," by J. H. Wallis (Dutton, $2), tells of two murders in a college for grown-ups—entrance age forty or over—that is an adjunct of Yale. It happens in the future, which covers a multitude of sins. The corpses are found stabbed to death, with no stabber around, but a small puddle of water beside each cadaver. The explanation is ingenious—if a bit unbelievable—but the story is much too long drawn out. Anthony Wynne did much better with a variant of the same murder method two seasons back.

"The Circle of Death," by Charles J. Dutton (Dodd, Mead, $2), records three crimes in one family—a father and two sons. The father and one son die from a slow poison, the other son is transfixed by an arrow. Hartley Manners, hero of other Dutton stories, helps his friend Police Chief Regan to find an extremely elusive and scientific criminal, whose poisoning method is most original, but who makes his appearance much too late in the story.

International intrigue in Central Asia, concluding with another World War that starts in one chapter and ends victoriously in the next—such is the theme of "Eye for an Eye," by Graham Seton (Farrar & Rinehart, $2). Rating the author's works alphabetically starting with his first and best known book, "The W Plan," this one drops to "Z," pretty close to absolute Z.

Everywhere the fair Elsie, opera singer heroine of Virgil Markham's "Red Warning" (Farrar & Rinehart, $2), turned she found a sinister, encarnadined reminder that her death was not far off. Baron Gluck, a very odd sort of detective, tried to help her. Jack Bishop, expatriate and Elsie's boyhood lover, becomes her protector and twice saves her from hanging. A crippled American millionaire—glad to say he is *not* the criminal—his strange half-mad mother, a suave secretary, and the "Fox"—who never sleeps—these fill out the picture. The story is a bit distorted, but it thrills to the last drop.

And here are two omnibuses—"The Father Brown Omnibus," by Gilbert K. Chesterton (Dodd, Mead, $3), and three Complete Novels of Mystery ("The Lodger," "The Story of Ivy," and "What Really Happened"), by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes (Longsmans, Green, $2.50). One need not say much about them. There are forty-two Father Brown stories in the Chesterton volume—every one worth reading, or reading again. The Belloc-Lowndes book contains the best of her work.

(From *The Malton Gazette*)

THATCHAM-BIGHAM

Malton, February 18.—Miss Dolly Thatcham, daughter of Mrs. Henriette (Scatter-brained Hettie) Thatcham was reluctantly married today to The Hon. Owen Bigham, the most harmless dullard in the Diplomatic Service. The bride, wrapped in many yards of tulle and a faint odor of Jamaica rum, swayed to the altar on the bony arm of her uncle, Canon Dakin. The groom wore a stuffed shirt.

Every member of the ubiquitous family was present as were many friends. The only face missing was that of Mr. Joseph Patten, an old "friend" of the bride, who is anticipating a dull summer. The Foreign Office, having reached the end of its endurance, is dispatching the groom to a South American post as a temporary relief measure.

● With delicious gaiety, Julia Strachey, niece of Lytton Strachey, points her subtle pen at one of those upper-middle-class weddings we've all attended. This brilliant novelette is receiving in America as enthusiastic a welcome as England accorded it. At all book stores $1.50.

". . . gorgeous skill, intensely human and completely real—uproarious good fun—a masterpiece of sharp burlesque."—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY in *The Book-of-the-Month-Club News.* "A book full of the funniness of painful situations . . . Astonishing literary skill . . . She has not only achieved a success but also shown that an important new writer has come amongst us."—DAVID GARNETT. "Impudently hard, brilliant."— J. B. PRIESTLEY in *The Evening Standard.*

CHEERFUL WEATHER FOR THE WEDDING

By JULIA STRACHEY

18 East 48th Street THE VIKING PRESS *New York City*

MAN OF AFFAIRS, uncertain of duration of present economic system, desires to give away large Cash Surplus before inflation begins. Literary people preferred as beneficiaries. No embarrassment, just write stating willingness to accept.—OVERPLUS.

If this advertisement had been a genuine Insertion in the Personals Column it would have cost the advertiser only $2.38 (7c a word) and would have brought thousands of replies . . . yet there are possibilities just as alluring in the Personals which always find the reader in an unconventional and receptive mood. Though occasionally employed, it seems, for messages of private or esoteric import, the Personals are an ideal Bulletin Board for offers and transactions in tangible or intellectual goods, artistic properties, or personal services. Many small notices there inserted have brought surprising variety of consequences.

The conduct of the Personals column is confided to a Mermaid of proved discretion; copy should be received by Saturday noon for insertion in the following week's issue; remittance at 7c per word must accompany. An occasional freak is bound to creep in, but in general these Petites Annonces provide a valuable medium of exchange for both birthrights and pottages.

M. P. D. Personals Dept.,

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

25 West 45th Street, New York

The Compleat Collector

Fine Books · First Editions · Fine Typography

"Now cheaply bought for twice their weight in gold."

Conducted by

CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS & JOHN T. WINTERICH

The Colophon

PART twelve of this quarterly journal—the final number of the third volume—has just appeared. In contents and typography it follows the general pattern set from the first; on the whole the typography is rather above the average of some of the previous issues, while the contents include several well-known names and interesting articles.

Mr. E. Douglas Branch tells the story of Mrs. Bloomer and her temperance magazine, *The Lily*—a now withered flower of the 'forties and 'fifties. That eminent Johnsonian, Mr. R. W. Chapman, contributes notes on "Johnsonian Bibliography." Mr. Alexander Gardiner tells the story of Oscar Wilde's visit to the United States, of the bunco game into which he was lured and out of which he emerged with a quickness of action which seems almost American. Mr. Frank Monaghan writes of Benjamin Harris, who published at Boston on September 25, 1690, the first newspaper in America—*Publick Occurrences;* appended is a check-list of Harris imprints and a reproduction of the newspaper. Mr. Seymour de Ricci contributes "Notes on the Bibliography of Encyclopedias." Probably the most important article in this number is Mr. Lawrence Wroth's "Juan Ortiz and the Beginnings of Wood Engraving in America," with reproductions; it is also the most attractively printed section of this issue (by the Southworth Press). Mrs. Buck gives the story of how she wrote "East Wind; West Wind," and Mr. Fairfax Downey writes of Rebecca Harding Davis. There is an intimate account of Rupert Brooke by Mr. R. H. Hathaway, with some good illustrations by Jack Beber. Mrs. Bertha Jean Cunningham gently revenges herself by writing the "Meditations of a Collector's Wife." A wood block in color, by Gustave Baumann, and the index to volume III complete the number.

Typographically there is more restraint—a more bookish look about this issue, which is welcome. Some of the previous issues have tended to confuse printing with "publicity" in the design of the printed page, and it is good to see a return to sanity. The twelve numbers of the *Colophon* comprise a remarkable variety of literary (and some not-so-literary) material together with typographical effects which give a pretty good view of today's printing in America. There is nothing quite like the *Colophon,* and it deserves support.

R.

Cooked Books

WHAT is one to do who owns a First Folio Shakespeare, or even a Fourth, and is stricken with measles or whooping cough? Happily, most collectors will have already hurdled the age barrier behind which such perils are customarily sequestered. But there are other communicable diseases which are no respecters of adulthood, and rare books are sometimes exposed to them, and what shall the collector do then, poor thing?

Well, there is one counsel of despair which he ought not to adopt, and that is to put the exposed books in an autoclave. The word has a hybrid theological-inquisitorial air about it, as if it were compounded of auto da fé and conclave, and this derivation, while etymologically defective, is at least sentimentally sound. For an autoclave is a kind of high-hat double boiler in which streptococci *et id genus omne* have the living daylights stewed out of them.

But what an autoclave can do to a book! Listen to Dr. H. E. Smiley of the staff of the Charles V. Chapin Hospital at Providence, whose paper "Books—Shall They Be Sterilized?" has just been reprinted from the January number of the *Rhode Island Medical Journal* in a pamphlet that is bound to produce bibliophilic shudders:

It is impractical to sterilize books in the autoclave. To demonstrate this fact a new book [What book, doctor?] was wrapped in several thicknesses of newspaper and sterilized in the autoclave at 15 pounds pressure for 15 minutes. On removal, the book was found to have its covers warped and its binding loosened; its whole appearance was considerably altered.

And it was probably screaming "Uncle!" all over the laboratory. Can you endure more of this sadistic chronicle? You have heard the worst—we are done forever with the autoclave:

Another experiment was tried. Sterile strips of filter paper were saturated with a live broth culture of (a) streptococcus hemolyticus, isolated from a case of scarlet fever and (b) staphylococcus albus, isolated from a boil. These strips were then placed (1) on the outside of a book and (2) between the leaves. The books were then subjected to the various treatments listed below, and at spaced intervals a small piece of each strip was cut off and cultured in broth.

The detailed results of the treatments to which Dr. Smiley refers are presented in a table which need not be reproduced here. Suffice it to say that the strip test was applied to books kept at various temperatures (one was even stowed in an ice-box) for from one to forty-one days, at the end of which time only one unregenerate cluster of staphylococci refused to be dispossessed. Dr. Smiley's general conclusions are:

1. Hemolytic streptococci, when present on the surface of a book, are no longer viable after three weeks exposure to room temperature, and at higher temperatures are no longer viable after shorter periods of time. Staphylococci are apparently a little more hardy, for they live after exposure to room temperature for a longer time than do the streptococci.
2. *Hemolytic streptococci* and also staphylococci, upon the leaves of a book, are no longer viable after four days, provided the temperature is 65° C.
3. A safe general rule appears to be that books, not grossly contaminated, if left untouched in a warm room for a few months, are not capable of transmitting infection.
4. Spore-bearing contaminants [anthrax, for example] are not included in this experiment.

These conclusions check with the practice of the Department of Health of New York City as quoted on this page some months ago from "The Care and Repair of Books," by Harry Miller Lydenberg and John Archer of the New York Public Library.

Dr. Smiley's findings are important and reassuring. It is good to know that the collector of Mrs. Gaskell can undergo a quarantinable illness and emerge from it with the conviction that his copy of her first novel has not been metamorphosed into "Typhoid Mary Barton."

J. T. W.

Tea with Miss Repplier

TO THINK OF TEA! By AGNES REPPLIER. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1932. $2.50.

NO writer could better do a book on tea than Miss Repplier, and the volume before me will prove as pleasant and refreshing as any "dish of tea" ever brewed. The history, art, and practice of tea drinking, from The Coming of Tea to England to On the Drinking of Tea Today receives full and agreeable consideration. Anecdotes and quotations from the poets intersperse the narrative, which is discursive enough, as befits a tea-party. The book is sufficiently well printed, though a bit more imagination might have been spent on the decorations and the bindings.

R.

In his will the late George Moore approved that Charles Morgan, author of "The Fountain," should write his "Life." Among his papers are two unfinished manuscripts, a novel and an autobiographical work.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS of MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore. 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BARGAIN OFFERS

UNUSUAL BOOKS, PRIVATE PRESS and limited editions offered at drastic reductions. Catalogue free on request. Cockatoo Press, 1107 Broadway, New York.

BOOKBINDING

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED BOOK should wear. A Bennett Binding of Hand-Tooled Imported Leather—Morocco, Levant, or Calf—Modernistic, Period or Conventional Design—According to Date and Content. Bennett Book Studios, Inc., Hand Book-Binders and Wholesale Dealers, 160 East 56th Street, New York City.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS AND GOOD BOOKS. Books by and concerning Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred E. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS. CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FAGOTS OF CEDAR, Ivan Skift. Limited, signed. TORCH PRESS. Masterpiece. Three Dollars. SWIFT, The Palms, Detroit.

WILLIAM McFEE FIRST EDITIONS. New List Ready. Charles K. Stotlemeyer, Hancock, Maryland.

FRENCH BOOKS

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catalogues, 5 cents (stamps).

The FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue. "New York's Largest French Bookshop." "Over 500,000 books in stock." Mail orders, information, prompt. Big Catalogue 20c (stamps).

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

LETITIA PENDLETON — Constructive criticism, editing, polishing. Particularly interested new authors. EDITORIAL SERVICE, 17 East 96th Street, New York.

YOUR MANUSCRIPT SHOULD BE sold! This office sells plays, novels, short stories, published books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections, publications planned. Editor, literary advisor. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MARKET ANALYSIS of MANUSCRIPTS WITHOUT FEE. Send for list of material for which we have demand. Criticism, Revision, Translation. WRITERS' GUILD OF NEW YORK, 225 Fifth Avenue.

MANUSCRIPTS intelligently and rapidly typed at very low rates. STEPHANIE MATYAS, 285 Madison Avenue.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"SEVEN BOOKHUNTERS," Station H, Box 66, New York. Out-of-print books Reasonably and promptly supplied.

SCHEDULE OF RATES

The ADVERTISING RATES FOR THIS classified page are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any smaller number of insertions 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning eight days before publication date. Address Department G.H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

News from the States

What the SATURDAY REVIEW *most desires for this department is the pithy paragraph upon some significant matter, whether in relation to author's activities, bookselling activities and problems, the trend of reading in a particular territory, or allied matters. Booksellers' anecdotes will be welcomed. It is our aim to furnish a bird's-eye view of reading and writing America which will prove valuable both to our subscribers and to the book world at large. We hope that our subscribers will submit items from time to time.*

IOWA

Mrs. L. Worthington Smith writes from the "Hawkeye" state:—

Ferner Nuhn and his wife, *Ruth Suckow*, have taken an apartment in Des Moines. Miss Suckow, author of many Iowa novels, was evasive when asked whether she was gathering material for a Des Moines background. She answered that she was writing as usual. Ferner Nuhn, also Iowa born, is one of the most discriminating reviewers who contribute to the *Des Moines Register Sunday Book Page*. He is the author of frequent magazine articles.

The Chicago Branch Alumni association of Iowa State college bestowed the merit award for 1932 upon *Carrie Chapman Catt*. Mrs. Catt was graduated from the college at Ames in 1880 and has been a national figure for many years. A recent poll in a national magazine named her as one of the ten greatest American women of all time. She is most widely known for her leadership in the equal suffrage movement but has recently gained international eminence through her work as chairman of the conference on the Cause and Cure of War.

James Depew Edmundson, scholar-capitalist of Des Moines, Iowa, is one rich man who need not worry over the difficulties attendant upon acquiring entrance to heaven.—The January issue of *The Palimpsest*, the magazine that is published monthly by the Iowa Historical Society for the purpose of the dissemination of Iowa History, is devoted to him, quite honor enough to satisfy the most ambitious subject.

Forrest Spaulding, Des Moines Librarian, estimates that his library patrons read more than a quarter of a million dollars worth of books in November. 1,077 new borrowers were added during the month. 76,175 subscribers took out 115,252 books in November, an increase of 8,013 over the same month last year.

Louie Hyman, bookstore proprietor, says that the depression has been a good thing for libraries and bookstores. "First people read to find out what its all about. Pretty soon they read for cheaper pleasure. Reading isn't as expensive as an evening at the movies. It is cheaper than gasoline for the family car. After a while people read because they like the quiet evening at home. Now many want better homes and a family. Good thing for the people."

KENTUCKY

A new and welcome correspondent, *Frances Jewell McVey*, sends us the following items from Lexington:—

William H. Townsend, Lexington lawyer, author of "Abraham Lincoln in His Wife's Home Town," "Lincoln the Litigant," and a collector of Lincolniana, is co-author with William E. Barton of "Abraham Lincoln, the President," which was issued February 1. Mr. Barton having died before his book was finished, Mr. Townsend was designated to complete the work.

In the contest sponsored by the University of Kentucky campus theatre, the prize play was written by *Virginia Boyd* and *Parry Kraatz*, both graduates of the University of Kentucky, and both skilled in acting and producing plays at the campus playhouse. "Alas! Poor Yorick," a satire on the campus theatre, will be produced in March. Other plays given this year on the University of Kentucky campus have included "Once in a Lifetime," "Journey's End," Sheridan's "The Critic," and "The Circle."

The University of Kentucky Library is rejoicing in a new building dedicated in October 1931, with *Mr. John Finley* of the *New York Times* as the principal speaker. Since 1917 when the University Library contained only 22,000 books, the library has grown until there are 130,000 books, exclusive of letters, pamphlets, and other such items. In the new fire-proof building many Kentuckians are finding a repository for their valuable letters, diaries, and documents. Copies of unique family papers of interest to historians are being preserved by means of the photostatic machine in the library.

J. T. Cotton Noe, Professor of History of Education at the University of Kentucky, elected "poet laureate of Kentucky" by the Kentucky Legislature, has been giving a series of radio talks on poetry on Thursdays at 1:15 o'clock over the *Courier Journal* and *Louisville Times* (WHAS) remote control station at the University of Kentucky. Mr. Noe is a native of Springfield, Kentucky, which also produced Elizabeth Madox Roberts.

Grant Knight, Professor of English of the University of Kentucky, is working on a definitive biography of *James Lane Allen*. Allen lived near Lexington at "Scarlet Gate" and walked three miles to teach his classes at Transylvania College, the first college west of the Alleghanies, founded in the "County of Kentucky" in 1790 by an act of the Virginia Legislature. *John Fox, Jr.*, was a student at Transylvania as was *Jefferson Davis*. *Henry Clay* was a member of the board of trustees of the institution.

Paul Morton, City Manager of Lexington, is a brother of *David Morton*, Professor of English at Amherst, poet and critic. Both were born in Louisville, Kentucky, home of *Cale Young Rice, Alice Hegan Rice, George Madden Martin, Eleanor Mercein Kelly*, to name perhaps the most renowned of the Louisville writers. Mr. Rice has completed a new book of poems which will appear in March.

OHIO

We extend all sympathy to one of our contributors, *Katharine Garford Thomas*, who recently lost her father, *Arthur L. Garford*. Mr. Garford was a distinguished citizen of Elyria, Ohio, serving his community in the fields of industry and politics, in local and national philanthropy, and in the realm of education.

Recently Mrs. Thomas had sent us the following notes:—

The Korner and Wood Company of Cleveland is one of those attractive book stores which one enjoys visiting whenever possible. The occasion of my recent errand there was to secure if possible the loan of some of the latest books as it is not easy to find them in the public libraries these days and few of the type that I wished could be found in the Circulating libraries. Mr. Korner told me upon this occasion that various clubs in Cleveland were sponsoring some programs that were being given in their store and attracting many people. The lectures are upon literary subjects, sometimes book reviews, and are given by Cleveland lecturers, among them being *Charles Stephens Brooks*, author of a dozen volumes, speaking on Reminiscences, from "English Spring" his latest book, which contains seventy-five sketches by his wife, *Mary Seymour Brooks*. All of these lectures are free to the public.

Before leaving the Halle Book Shop in Cleveland a few days ago we were interested to learn about *Miss Veronica Hutchinson's* seventh book, "The Circus." Miss Hutchinson is a native of Cleveland. After attending the Carnegie Library School where she specialized in work for children she returned to Cleveland and became associated with the children's division of the Public Library where she remained until assuming charge of the Halle Book Shop in 1918. In her anthologies she has demonstrated her theory that successful children's books must be sorted to fit the special age for which they are intended. Since her connection with the Halle Book Shop Miss Hutchinson has initiated the guest-author plan whereby popular authors visit this shop to lecture, to meet their readers, and to autograph their books.

OKLAHOMA

The following comes from *Elizabeth Williams Cosgrave*:—

John Joseph Auslander, author of "Wah' Kon-Tah," is a member of the Osage tribe of Indians and with the exception of three years and a half in England where he was a student at Oxford University, a brief residence in Los Angeles and a period of service in aviation during the World War, has spent his life on the Osage Reservation near Pawhuska, Oklahoma. (Obviously this writer is not to be confused with the more renowned *Joseph Auslander*, the poet.—Ed.)

SOUTH CAROLINA

For the subjoined we are indebted to *Hannah Hemphill Coleman*:—

The quaint sea-coast towns of this State are attracting writers seeking rest and relaxation as well as inspirational background. *Dr. Henry Bellaman*, New York, author, musical critic, and reviewist started the fashion and does some of his best work at Pawley's Island. *Welbourne Kelly* of Montgomery, author of "Inchin' Along," and *Henry Lesesne*, novelist of Sumter, S. C., are spending the winter at the Weston's cottage at Pawley's, each having a book under construction.

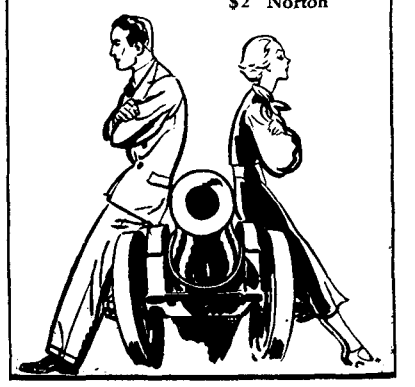
The Charleston Record, a down-state weekly, is being edited by *Major Peter Gething*. Major Gething is the son of a British General, and himself a veteran of Gallipoli, brings to an already rich local field additional interest in his articles and editorials. Reprints of stories and poems by himself appear in the literary sections of the paper.

THE BRASS CANNON

An amusing, ironic love story of Manhattan and points east.

By CHARLES ALLEN SMART
Author of *New England Holiday*

$2 Norton



PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

BINDERS for your Saturday Review numbers. Gold stamped, black buckram, wire fasteners, handy way to file the copies as issued, or the back files. Postpaid $1.50. Mendoza Book Co., 15 Ann St., N. Y. C.

THE PHOENICIAN SAYS: ". . . about once a year we get sick unto death of the . . . tributes poured out by . . . publishers to celebrate the inestimably wonderful works . . . they present to the public." In view of this berling outboist dare we suggest that you read (purchase?) THE CASE FOR TRAGEDY by Mark Harris, despite the fact that this critical essay has been favorably received by Allardyce Nicoll, Joseph Wood Krutch, the *Herald Tribune*, *Cincinnati Enquirer*, *Los Angeles Record*, and *The Christian Century*. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"EXTENDED vacation" proves economically unmanageable. Young woman with varied library experience plus indexing, bookselling, secretarial training, desires to demonstrate her special usefulness in right position. Box 123.

YOUNG literary man would appreciate female companion. Box No. 124.

MIKE, I Fink I'm a keelboat catch. Peg.

WANT a backer for my play about Carol and Marie of Rumania. One set; small cast. Prisoner of Zenda—Graustark theme. Experienced Playwright.

ADVICE and diversion for "lorn," love or otherwise. Discussion of literary, philosophical, other subjects. Send letter you wish answered, self-addressed, stamped envelope, twenty-five cents. Individual reply *to you*. Belle Lettres.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The PHŒNIX NEST

THE *New Contempo* appeared yesterday, carrying an original cover design by *John Vassos*, who, beside designing penthouses and illustrating books, created the name "Contempo" in 1929. The new issue contains material by *Sinclair Lewis, Floyd Dell, Richard Boleslavski, Joseph Wood Krutch,* a "Clinical Cartoon" of *Branch Cabell,* and an article, "The Depression Has Been a Success." *Contempo* is edited solely by *A. J. Buttitta,* from Snow Building, Durham, North Carolina. Its subtitle is "A Review of the International Scene." . . .

When a postal headed Bulletin No. 3, League of the Last Days, came to us, beginning, "The two bodies now show discs which can be measured. Since first observed they have moved within the distance of the orbit of our planet Uranus and are approaching the distance of Saturn, etc., etc.," we were considerably startled, until we realized it was doubtless a trick way of advertising a new book, probably a mystery story! . . .

We might point out to "W. K. S.," who writes in free verse "Translations from the Chinese," in London *Punch* for February 8th, that this idea was originated by our own *Christopher Morley,* some of whose "Translations" were gathered into a delightful book some years ago. Mr. Morley's old Mandarin is still roving about town and a new volume of his observations is under way. . . .

Harrison Smith tells us of a recent letter *H. G. Wells* wrote to *Dorothy Dudley* on reading her book on the Dreiserian period of American literature, "Forgotten Frontiers" (Smith & Haas). Among other things Mr. Wells said of our fair country:

> America gets more exciting every day. Its damned fabric of private-adventure-capitalism is practically dead, but *there's nothing else!* It is just as though God had made a great hen at the Creation and forgot to make it able to lay an egg. Adam and the Devil come to him. What is to be done? Everything else is laying eggs, procreating and dying and letting something else get on with it. But that damned hen!

That seems to solve the age-old query as to which came first, the hen or the egg. . . .

Katherine van der Veer, of Scarsdale, takes occasion to send us the following verse on "Bed Books," which we are glad to print. She remarks, "There is not a modern book in the lot, but that doesn't mean that I don't read them, only that they aren't dependable bed books. Wasn't it *H. M. Tomlinson* who, hearing a lady say that almost any book would do for a bed book, replied "that almost any woman would do for a wife"?

BED BOOKS

A very motley company, they stand
Upon my shelf where I can reach my hand
To choose the friend whose mood may suit
my feeling
Till sleep lifts up the magic cup of healing.
There, Lady Clifford, *vigorous and grim,*
Brushes a silken shoulder by "Lord Jim,"
Cellini spins his entertaining yarns,
And Gösta Berling strides by Sweden's
tarns.
Sir Francis Bacon *chats of fame and*
flowers,
Warmed by the sun of "Kai Lung's Golden
Hours,"
Garrulous Walpole, *in his letters, keeps*
An endless gossip in the ear of Pepys.
Gissing *and Amiel lean heads together,*
While Keats *sings on of wind and Autumn*
weather,
And jovial Chaucer *treads a daisied path*
With fragrant Alisoun or Wife of Bath.
Then Don Quixote lifts a rusty lance,
And all the folk go whirling in a dance
Down roads that wind through unfamiliar
setting,
To the great gulf of darkness and for-
getting.

We feel the following is worth passing on to our readers. It is taken from "Trade Topics" in *Winston Imprint,* published by the John C. Winston Company, and describes a new kind of bouquiniste:

> In walking around and around in the maze of streets in Boston, we chanced upon the famous old South Meeting House on Milk Street at Washington. And lo! To our surprise, there was an open-air bookstall in the small church courtyard on the corner. We entered through a grilled gateway and examined the books that backed up to the church wall on two sides and those that backed up to the red brick wall on the other two sides. This bookyard, we were informed, was a recent addition to Goodspeed's Bookstore which was located in the basement of the Old South Meeting House.
>
> Bookstalls have always had an unusual appeal to the booklover. (As a matter of fact, there are a number of highly successful open-air bookstalls in Philadelphia, too.) But a bookstall in a church courtyard—well, that is a combination one has to travel far to beat. There seems to be a certain dignity lent to the enterprise that could not be obtained in any other way.
>
> Owners of bookstores might do well to remember this idea when looking for a new location. The rental of a centrally located church basement ought to be quite reasonable. At the same time it should furnish a new way for the church to raise money for the various church necessities and make the members feel that they were helping a splendid cause in furthering the sale of good books.

To all young folk who desire, in this year of grace (we hope!) to enter the publishing business, we recommend an article in the March issue of *Modern Youth:* The Voice of the Younger Generation, by *Clifton Fadiman,* the editor at Simon & Schuster's, and writer of much literary criticism. He starts by saying that our own *Henry Seidel Canby* must bear the responsibility for inducting him into the publishing business, and goes on to give a clear and practical outline of the qualifications necessary to gain and hold a job in the publishing field. Every year a number of young people visit our office seeking work in publishing houses, and we should like to be able to hand them all this article of Mr. Fadiman's before they even start talking! . . .

We deeply regret the untimely death of *Corinne Roosevelt Robinson.* A courageous soul, an active mind, and a spirit unfailing in the zeal for literature and all good things, she leaves more friends and admirers behind her than is common in this self-seeking age. . . .

Arthur W. Bell of Boston sends us first "a word charade suggested by your allusion to your natal date" (February 2nd):

My First, that surface of the Globe
Wherein My Last will root and probe.
The shadow of My Total's girth
Will drive this prophet back to earth.

And then these lines on a famous historical character, the interrupter of the immortal Coleridge:

THE MAN FROM PORLOCK

Man from Porlock, why did you
Cross the Road to Xanadu?
How came you to choose that day,
And "above an hour" stay?
What your message whose import
Must be weighed against the tort?
While you wagged your foolish tongue
Beauty in the balance hung:
Banked and smoldering fire divine,
Fanned to flame with anodyne,
Blazed from out a poet's soul,
Freed from all save dream control.
Caverns bottomless in man,
There the syntheses began;
Old, unhappy, far off things,
Steeped in deep imaginings,
Then commenced to seethe and boil,
Bursting forth in wild turmoil.
Yet we have, and thanks to you,
One bare mouthful of that brew.
Interruption won you fame;
No one even knows your name;
Man from Porlock, that is all;
Noted for an ill timed call.
'Twould enhance my Five Foot Shelf,
Had you gone and chased yourself!

We have read *Shaw's* little book (beautifully illustrated) about the adventures of a black girl in search of God. It seemed to rouse Mr. *Alfred Noyes* to much scorn, to judge by an article of his we read in Charles Hanson Towne's book page of the New York *American.* We cannot follow Mr. Noyes. Shaw sees only the obscurantist tendency in the human emotions, he does not see deeply into human love, but otherwise he has said some cogent things about taking a rational view of the Bible.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

Has SINCLAIR LEWIS called the Turn?

You hear this on all sides—Has Sinclair Lewis turned the tide in the book business? There is able testimony from booksellers that something important happened with the publication of ANN VICKERS.

The book is bringing back old customers into bookstores, new ones too. Advance sales were a record for January. Re-orders are the best since 1926. ANN VICKERS is Best Seller No. 1 nationally—according to the N. Y. Times—and this in terms of 1929 sales.

Although we have issued seven large printings, it has proved difficult to keep ANN VICKERS available at all times in all bookshops. An 8th Large Printing—of 15,000 copies—is now ready at dealers. Future Mumbys, in their chronicles of publishing, will have to reckon with this, the most exciting news to the book publishing fraternity and to the business of Literature, in 1933.

Just read what they are saying—in England as well as in America—about "this tremendous Ann"——

**The cream of the season's books. Entertaining and in demand. How many have YOU read?*

- ☐ **THE SHELTERED LIFE** by Ellen Glasgow $2.50
- ☐ **THE FORTRESS** by Hugh Walpole $2.50
- ☐ **THE NARROW CORNER** by W. Somerset Maugham $2.50
- ☐ **HUMAN BEING** by Christopher Morley $2.50
- ☐ **BELINDA GROVE** by Helen Ashton $2.50
- ☐ **MEMOIRS OF SATAN** by William Gerhardi and Brian Lunn $2.50
- ☐ **GREAT AMERICAN SHORT STORIES** *O. Henry Memorial Prize Winners, 1919-1932; introduction by* Blanche Colton Williams $2.50
- ☐ **MULLINER NIGHTS** by P. G. Wodehouse $2.00
- ☐ **A LONG TIME AGO** by Margaret Kennedy $2.00
- ☐ **THE GEORGIAN HOUSE** by Frank Swinnerton $2.50
- ☐ **WANTON MALLY** by Booth Tarkington $2.00
- ☐ **FAMILY HISTORY** by V. Sackville-West $2.50
- ☐ **THE BISHOP'S JAEGERS** by Thorne Smith $2.00
- ☐ **BEFORE THE FACT** by Francis Iles $2.00
- ☐ **THE WHITE COCKATOO** by Mignon G. Eberhart $2.00
- ☐ **DESIGN FOR LIVING** by Noel Coward $1.50

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

THE LEER OF LIFE ITSELF

"Everywhere in ANN VICKERS men and women start up with the authentic frown or smile or leer of life itself," says the Evening Standard (London). "You thank God for permitting you to move in an atmosphere blown clear of æsthetic anæmia. Genius is written large on every page."

THE SAME HOT PASSION

"ANN VICKERS belongs with Main Street and Arrowsmith," writes Lewis Gannett. "It will shock some, stir more, bore a few (I pity them, with ice in their veins). But they will all read it with the same hot passion which only Sinclair Lewis can arouse. Dickens had this power. Who else?"

NOT THE STUFF THAT SAINTS ARE MADE OF

writes E. B. Osborn of Ann Vickers, in the London Morning Post. "But she is of the granite that kicks the world on its way to more enlightenment. . . Any author of our time might be proud of her!"

"Finest American novelist of our period," says Bernard De Voto, in The Saturday Review. "Quite the equal of Arrowsmith," says William Soskin. "Beautiful and terrible and compassionate and true," says Burton Rascoe.

The List at the left contains some of the finest reading of the season . . . many just published . . . available in bookshops, or from the publishers. . . .

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
Garden City, New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED